

THE FORTNIGHTLY

MAY, 1940

PRINCIPLES OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK

THE only excuse which I can have for taking part in a discussion of "Europe after the War" is the hope of illustrating one direction in which Christian principles seem to point us. I am far from claiming that the suggestions which I offer are the only available application of Christian principles; and I fully recognize that the right time for an action is as important as the quality of the action itself, so that even those who share my hopes may regard my practical suggestions as impracticable or premature. But I hold that Christians are responsible for endeavouring to apply the principles of their faith to the actual problems of life, regarding them not as a source of direct instructions, but as an indication of the goal to be aimed at and as a standard of judgment to which policy must be referred.

The relevant principles, I think, are these.

1. Every man is a child of God and as such has a status and dignity independent of his membership in any earthly state.

2. Consequently, personality is sacred, and freedom in whatever is most personal (worship, thought, expression) is to be safeguarded as among the primary ends for which the State exists.

3. As children of God, men are members of one family, and life should be ordered as far as possible with a view to the promotion of brotherly fellowship among all men, while each is called upon to use his freedom in the spirit of "membership" on pain of forfeiting his moral right to it.

4. But men are not dutiful children of God. They are from birth self-centred, and remain so in lesser or greater degrees. They can be delivered from this evil state only by the active love (grace) of God calling out surrender and trust (faith). So far as this has not happened or has incompletely happened—(i.e. universally)—they need to be restrained in their self-assertiveness and induced by appeals to their self-interest to respect justice in their mutual dealings.

5. Nations exist by God's providential guidance of history and have their part to play in His purpose; but man's self-centredness infects his national loyalty, which in its own nature is wholesome, so that the nation is made an object of that absolute allegiance which is due to God alone. Thus, if there is to be any approach to a brotherly fellowship of nations

before all men are converted to a life of perfect love, it must be by the same method of so organizing their relationship to one another that national self-interest will itself urge justice in action.

Approaching the matter in this way, I attach the greatest importance to the growing strength of the conviction and feeling among all Christians that they are united in and through Christ in a perfect fellowship. Without this I do not expect to see any living and enduring sense of fellowship between the nations. As yet this "ecumenical sense" is feeble; but it is growing fast. It is a main ground of hope for the Rebirth of Christendom in the future. If it continues to grow it will supply in every nation where the Church is planted a nucleus of the spirit of true fellowship which will be of priceless value in binding the nations together.

The two first principles stated above give strong support to some form of democracy as the constitution best suited for developing and expressing the quality of "personality" in its citizens. It would be excessive to say that they "demand" this, for the primary function of a political constitution is to ensure that good order without which free personal life is almost impossible. Insecurity due to outbreaks of mob-violence is if anything more incompatible with effective freedom of personal living than tyrannous rule by a Government of which the principles, and consequently its occasions of tyrannous action, are at least known. Not all peoples have been able to maintain order through democratic institutions; and unless they can, it is futile to say that a theological principle "demands" democracy.

But it can and must be said that where people are ready to work democratic institutions, they more fully conform to the principle of the sanctity of personality than any other type. The main point to be secured is that the people should have the opportunity to change the Government without breaking up the Constitution, so that effective "opposition" to the Government of the day is perfectly compatible with loyalty to nation and to state. Only so can a free play of personal judgment be encouraged and exercised.

Consequently it may be laid down that any new order which is

established must be "safe for democracy". No nation will be coerced into democracy; but it must be open to every nation to adopt it. (It seems likely that a German victory would result in the exact opposite of this).

The third principle—the unity of all men in the "family" of God—points to an organization of life which draws together in relations of mutual support the largest practicable number of persons. But emphasis must be laid on the word "practicable". It cannot be inferred from this principle without more ado that a large state is always preferable to a small state or that if any system of federation is adopted, the more states to be federated the better. The reality of mutual inter-dependence may be more complete in a small society, and the forcing together of those who have no desire to co-operate is a sure road to calamity. But the principle will at once put us on our guard against the notion of a state founded on and bounded by racial homogeneity; for such a state will be subject in a quite special degree to the temptations of self-centred acquisitiveness and aggression. On the whole the balance of advantage seems to lie with a union or federation of states, each small enough to give to the citizens a sense of individual responsibility for its welfare, while the whole group is large enough to combine many peoples of rather diverse traditions and interests, so that these may balance and check one another.

For the fourth and fifth principles remind us that no system, however cunningly devised, will work smoothly to the general satisfaction unless it contains within itself elements which balance and hold back the unexorcised egotism of individuals and, still more, of all collective groups of men. The civilized state secures a substantial measure of justice in the lives of its citizens by attaching penalties to unjust action, so that self-interest itself prompts avoidance of injustice and pursuit of justice. Even those of us who are usually honest on principle and by preference, are occasionally saved from lapses into dishonesty by the penalties attached to it when detected. But the egotism of a nation is infinitely greater than that of an individual; for in any individual there are instincts and impulses tending to generosity and social conduct. But the nation appeals first to those very impulses as it demands of its citizens self-

sacrifice in its service, and then to the impulses of self-assertion as it urges them to gird themselves to battle with its and their enemies. It appeals to love and to hatred, both at once, with the result that the nation itself, in its contrast with and opposition to other nations, can become demoniac in its egotism.

The cure for this, short of the leavening influence of an effective universal Church, seems to lie in a profitable union and organized co-operation of peoples sufficiently close in tradition and interest for this to be voluntarily accepted, yet sufficiently disparate to introduce some efficient checks and balances. How far contiguous national groups provide opportunity for this is a matter for the political specialist. But I suggest that some groups stand out as offering these characteristics in greater or less degree : (a) the Danubian group ; (b) Germany, if freed from the Prussian domination over the other constituent parts of the Reich ; (c) The Czechs, Slovaks and Poles ; (d) the Scandinavian countries ; (e) Great Britain and France, with, perhaps, Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland.

It is not suggested that all these groups can be at once established after the war. But it seems most unlikely that a general federation of Europe can be effected then either, and to propose as a means to this (which would best accord with our principle) a number of smaller federations opens the way for advance. Some might be established before others. There is no value in uniformity of action unless it is also spontaneous. As nations long used to complete autonomy become accustomed to action within a federal scheme, they will become ready for the federation of the civilized world. (I am not a great admirer of Tennyson as a poet, apart from the shorter lyrics ; but I am greatly impressed by the fact that in Locksley Hall he foresaw "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World" as a consequence of the invention of aviation—itself then very far in the future).

Within each federal or confederate unit which is established the federal Parliament or Council and the Executive responsible to it will, of course, take over the control of all matters of common interest, including Foreign Policy. And secession would be forbidden. If any State which is sufficiently aggrieved by the action of the federal authority is free to secede, the system

becomes unworkable. Abraham Lincoln was quite right when he insisted that to permit the secession of the Southern States was in principle to approve the dissolution of the United States into its component elements. Any federal Government must have the use of full and effective "sanctions" against its own rebellious members.

But the federation of the civilized world and even of Europe lies far in the future, unless this war, before it ends, causes such distress and havoc as to drive men to drastic remedies. Consequently there will be need for the more comprehensive League of Nations which shall include the various local federations. This, as the all-inclusive body, should determine the constitution of the Court of International Justice, and (if one be set up, as is urgently to be desired) the Court of Equity. What is to be the authority of these Courts—moral only or coercive also?

Here the lesson of experience is very plain. To entrust the application of "sanctions" to Sovereign States (whether themselves federal or not) is to court disaster. It creates uncertainty, which is an effective irritant. If it is possible, as I believe, to recruit an effective international Air Force under the direct authority of the League Council, and if the nations are prepared to agree to abandon military aviation as part of their own equipment, the League might have at its disposal a weapon sufficient to enforce its awards or those of the Courts associated with it. But if the Council has no effective force of its own, then let all mention of "sanctions" be struck out of the Covenant. Let us have no "sanctions" of which the application depends on others than the Assembly or Council of the League themselves.

The moral authority of the League may count for very much if it stands alone. But if there is, so to speak, a stick in the cupboard, all attention is diverted from a moral censure to the question whether the stick is to be brought out.

Besides getting rid of uncertain sanctions, either by making them certain or by abolishing them we need to cultivate a stronger public opinion in support of League-loyalty than yet exists. On the whole this country has been a genuine supporter of the League system; but there are some bad patches in our

record. It may have been so difficult as to be reckoned impossible to go to the help of China in Manchuria when Japan was formally pronounced guilty of aggression. But we might have avoided putting an embargo on the export of arms to both countries *immediately after* that judgment had been pronounced. That was a very severe slap in the face to the League's authority. It is pleaded that it was unintentional ; but that only makes it worse. The action made it very clear that our Government did not regard the judgment of the League as a primary factor in the shaping of its policy.

In the crucial case of Abyssinia we took the worst possible course. We could, with some consistency, have refused to act at all. We had opposed the admission of Abyssinia to the League ; that step was taken on the motion of Italy against our advice. When Italy proceeded to invade Abyssinia, we might have pleaded our former attitude and stood aside. That would not, I think, have been the highest ethical line ; but it was defensible ; and we might have retained the friendship of Italy. We took what I think the higher ethical line without counting the cost. It should always have been evident that no State should resort to sanctions unless prepared to go to all lengths, including war, to uphold the authority of international law. What happened was that we imposed sanctions to an extent which did the maximum harm and stopped before they could do any good.

We have not, I believe, been worse than our neighbours ; but it is most profitable that each nation should pay regard to its own mistakes rather than to those of neighbours. The conclusion at any rate is clear and it is two-fold : (a) no sanctions except under the direct authority of the League itself ; (b) a new loyalty towards the League in the States-members of it.

One more illustration of the latter point may be given. The Disarmament Conference failed, and its failure was a major disaster. It failed, in part at least, because it worked under a formula containing two terms without ever deciding which of these was primary. The formula was *Disarmament by Agreement*. Is Disarmament the more important term ? or Agreement ? Clearly, Agreement. There is no more essential evil in a big gun than in a small gun. The evil is in the race in armaments.

That is what creates tension, anxiety, panic. If once we can agree about armaments, we have taken the decisive step from regarding them as our means of injuring one another to regarding them as our joint equipment in the common enterprise of civilization. If that Conference had agreed to maintain the *status quo* for five years, without any disarmament at all, and then meet again, it would have taken a decisive step. When it met five years later, disarmament would have begun. When the nations cease to compete in armaments, and fix the amount of these by agreement, they will soon reduce their volume; the money is wanted for other purposes!

But to put Agreement first was really implicit in the whole idea of the League. To put Disarmament first was to follow the line of ephemeral national interest. Indeed the idea of the League implies that no State-member should take an action affecting its relations to other State-members except in consultation with them in the League. That leads us to the most conspicuous defect of the League—its failure to deal with Tariffs.

The League has done magnificent service in the social fields. Its medical work has been invaluable, and the International Labour Office, associated with it, has won universal confidence though not all its recommendations have been universally accepted. All this work must go on. The League has also won great honour by its occasional incursions into the economic field, as for example its reconstruction of Austrian finance. But its activities on this side have been limited by lack of authority in the Covenant. We pass on therefore to certain applications of our initial principles in the economic field.

The way to be followed in this field as indicated by our principles may be very briefly described. We have to find a way of ordering life which

- (a) expresses the fellowship of all men in one family,
- (b) gives sufficient outlet to the self-centred acquisitive tendency in men to harness it to the common interest, and
- (c) provides adequate checks and balances to prevent it from seriously injuring the common interest.

Of course that is easier said than done. It seems to me indispensable that States should consent to submit their Tariffs

to the League and let free consultation concerning them take place. To impose a Tariff without so submitting it should be an offence within the competence of the Court of International Justice. Such consultation would of itself lead to many adjustments and generally to the lowering of tariff-walls. It would also tend to undermine economic nationalism which is an active part of the disease of Europe to-day. But behind all these contrivances is the question of motive in the economic world.

So long as we rely on the Profit-motive (as distinct from a secure but limited return on capital invested) as the mainspring of production, so long we shall be in a condition always verging towards faction within and war without. In the world we know, however great the need for an article may be, it cannot be produced unless it *pays* some one to produce it. If there is an idle coal pit and there are unemployed miners, even if they could pay the cost of working the plant, they may not do it unless they can also *pay* the owner. Supply of need is not now a sufficient motive ; there must be also payment for ownership. We have reached a stage where that is become intolerable. And the profit-motive in industry and in finance, when given such freedom and prominence as it now has, becomes a profoundly and pervasively disturbing factor. The one thing that has become international in our world is Finance ; it is arguable that it ought to have been the last.

Finance ought never to be in positive control. It exists for the sake of production. And production exists for the sake of consumption. The hungry and needy public ought to be the controlling group. Finance may rightly exercise a check, calling a halt to avoid bankruptcy ; but for positive control it is functionally unfitted. Yet it exercises such control to a very large extent.

When we leave the realm of general principles for that of constructive action I have no qualifications to speak. Plainly we may cut the knot by following Sir Richard Acland in his demand for universal communal ownership. I shrink from this, because I think that the administration of the communal property would tend to become bureaucratic and mechanical. But I would advocate a vast extension of public control of

private enterprise; especially I would advocate a wide extension of the limitation of profits wherever liability is limited—a model scheme could be found before the war in the great glass-works at Jena. And I think the Bank of England, and probably all Joint-Stock Banks, should be nationalized; for I see no other way to stop the exercise of positive control through finance, which is false in sociological principle, or the speculation in money as though it were itself a commodity—a process which impairs its utility for its own function as a medium of exchange.

I need hardly say that I attach no importance to my opinions in this field, for my special knowledge of it is very slender. I put forward these views rather as illustrations of a political spirit than as a political programme. If we could see the Governments of Europe genuinely co-operate in the enterprise of securing for the mass of ordinary citizens the full benefit derivable from the ease with which mankind now produces wealth, we should have moved a long way towards both prosperity and peace. But I am very sure that those who hope to see a successful termination of our present effort and the salvation of Europe from recurrent outbreaks must be ready for far-reaching changes in the political and economic spheres, and that these must be guided by the Christian understanding alike of the purpose of God and of the nature and destiny of Man.

STRATEGY BY LAND, SEA AND AIR

I.—THE LAND

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

HITLER blundered badly when he attacked Poland for it brought him a war for which he was not ready and which certainly upset his programme. Can one doubt that he has made a second blunder in his attempt to escape the consequences of the first? In each case wishful thinking led him astray. He attacked Poland thinking that the Allies would accept a *fait accompli* and now he has, apparently, acted on the assumptions first, that Norway would not fight and secondly, that the Allied navies could not operate effectively in the Skagerrak when threatened with air attack from Denmark and the south coast of Norway.

The latter was evidently the more dangerous assumption for his whole audacious coup depended for success on the maintenance of the communication with his main invading force at Oslo, especially if the Norwegians refused to submit tamely. Even the most wishful thinking could hardly have induced him to believe that he would be able to maintain communications by sea with the detachments despatched to occupy the West Norway ports or that they would be left undisturbed by counter strokes of the Allies. Whether Norway resisted or not it was evident that the detachments must be reinforced before counter strokes were delivered against them. If the Norwegians offered no resistance, once the main expedition was established at Oslo, it would be easy to reinforce the west coast as the detachments established there were at the termini of railways, except in the case of Narvik. On the other hand when Norway decided not to submit meekly to threats it was essential that Norwegian resistance should be overcome as rapidly as possible in order to anticipate Allied action. All

honour to Norway for the courage of her decision and for the gallantry of her fighting men who, though taken by surprise, and victims of infamous treachery, were quick to organize their defence and by demolitions to hamper the movements of the invader. Yet if the flow of German reinforcements and heavy equipment had not been broken by the action of the Allied navies Norwegian troops would have been hard put to it to offer effective resistance.

It is evident that if the Germans made the assumptions I postulate they have both proved false and they have revealed the strategic mistakes in the German plans—neglect of the security of the line of their main communications and the dispersal of the naval forces which might have protected it. The movement of the west coast detachment across the front of a superior enemy, who was bound to interrupt their sea communications, might have been excused as a bold surprise adventure provided that alternative communications were assured. To establish the detachments in isolated positions where their power to do mischief would only be temporary and not decisive must be reckoned as a blunder.

As matters stand while I write, the German main force at Oslo would appear to be too weak to overcome or overawe Norwegian resistance rapidly. Its communications are precarious and it may run short of many essentials. There seems little prospect of its acquiring sufficient offensive power to come to the assistance of the west coast detachments who are in a dangerous position. Such support as they can be given will be given by air and that is necessarily limited. Moreover, if the German air arm and naval forces become engaged in defensive operations the less will be their capacity to carry out the offensive rôle against British naval bases and blockade which would appear to have been the essential object of the coup.

Meanwhile, fighting in the Oslo area between the Norwegians and Germans though fierce seems to be of a guerilla nature. The direction of the German attacks is towards the Swedish frontier, not towards the west, but whether the object is to cut Norway's communication with Sweden or to establish themselves on the Swedish border seems open to question. The possibility of

Sweden being drawn into the war is evident in spite of the sacrifices of prestige she has made in hope of maintaining her neutrality. If Sweden is drawn in German commitments in Scandinavia will be immensely increased, almost to the extent of involving Germany in a war on two fronts rather than in a mere extension of front, which is all her invasion of Norway meant.

All British strategy must in the nature of things depend on sea power which guarantees the communications of the Army but it is seldom that the Navy has the chance of both protecting the communication of our own army and of attacking the communications of the enemy's forces. This Norwegian war has given it. Do the Germans underrate the offensive potentialities of sea power? In the last war they certainly failed to use their own navy as an offensive mass of manœuvre and in this war they have already dissipated the strength of the smaller navy they now possess. Purely as a strategical study this Norwegian war will afford a remarkable example of the close co-ordination of the action of all three services for the attainment of a common object.

Are we on the eve of greater things and is the invasion of Norway only the prelude to the decisive struggle? Practically every country in Europe is standing to arms. The Low Countries especially feel themselves threatened. But if Hitler intends to strike at them why does he delay? It cannot be that his army is not ready, for it has been deployed for months. Are his threats part of the war of nerves and does he hope that if and when he can claim Norway as another victim it would undermine the courage and determination of the Dutch? From a purely strategical standpoint the number of troops, either German or Allied, likely to be employed in Norway would not to any material degree affect the fighting strength of the immense armies opposing each other in the main theatre of war. Yet if, taking advantage of the initiative, he had struck simultaneously at Norway and in the Low Countries he might have hoped to cause confusion and hesitation in the Allied camp. It does not therefore seem probable that he is waiting to see to what extent the Allies will commit themselves deliberately to a Norwegian campaign. Did he hope to liquidate the

northern situation so quickly that he would be able to release his naval forces to capture positions on the Dutch coast by a sea borne turning movement on something the same lines as he followed in Norway. Whatever his intentions are he appears only to have steeled the determination of the Low Countries and if he contemplated another amphibious enterprise the losses inflicted on his naval resources by the Allies must have put it out of the question.

So far as land strategy is concerned the main situation does not appear to have changed. The Allies, and indeed the Low Countries too, are in strong defensive positions and the onus is on Germany to embark on the gamble of offensive action. The sea war is still the dominant factor in the situation and so far as a soldier is able to judge it is going very well for the Allies. The stranglehold of the blockade is tightened and events in the North Sea and Baltic approaches should certainly not have been detrimental to the situation in the Mediterranean.

So far as air warfare affects land operations one may question whether the air forces used by Germany in the Norwegian enterprise represent a serious deduction from the air resources she would employ in furtherance of a major land offensive. Is it a sufficiently serious deduction to make it necessary for Germany to delay her main stroke in hopes of achieving a greater concentration of power later? One would hardly think so unless the strength of the German air force has been greatly over-estimated in quantity and quality.

Whether intentionally or not Hitler has contrived to leave the world for the moment guessing as to his next move and there are plenty of opportunities for speculation. Among others one may ask what chances there are that the Norwegian war will develop into a "Spanish ulcer". If Sweden were drawn into the fray the possibility certainly exists and the analogy would be striking. The attitude of Russia, the course of events in the Danubian countries cannot be left out of speculations but on the whole it would seem that Mussolini rather than Hitler controls the floodgates and it is difficult to believe that he can wish the war to spread.

II.—THE SEA

BY ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT RICHMOND

IT had been known for many weeks that preparations for an overseas expedition were being made in the ports of Germany from the Baltic to the Elbe. That expedition might be aimed at any of her weak neighbours—Sweden, Norway, Holland or Belgium ; which was the selected victim could not be said. Whether the vessels which pretended to sail in ballast to Narvik for the purpose of carrying iron ore back to Germany, but in reality had their holds filled with troops and munitions, proceeded across the open waters of the Skagerrak or by the Swedish or Norwegian territorial waters, we do not know. It would not be difficult for them to slip across the 75 miles between the Skaw and Norway in the hours of darkness. Thenceforward, in the covered way of neutral waters, they were in complete safety till they reached the port whose hospitality they were to abuse until the given zero hour for their landing arrived. No precautions which the British fleet could take could have defeated this singularly base treachery. To regard this as a great strategic success is a mere abuse of the word “strategy”.

Air Reconnaissance during the night of Sunday, April 7, disclosed that German men-of-war were at sea, moving Northward. The fleet at Scapa put to sea at once, but Scapa lies some 300 miles, or sixteen hours steaming, from the nearest point on the Norwegian coast, and some 500 miles—say 28 hours steaming—from Oslo. During the forenoon of Monday, it was learned by a message from the destroyer *Glowworm* that strong naval forces were in the neighbourhood of Narvik and the hope could be entertained that one of the two British squadrons then at sea, the one making for Narvik, the other for Bergen, would fall in with them. But the sea is large ; daylight lasts only little more than half the twenty-four hours, and even during daylight visibility may be restricted by fog and snow. The enemy evaded the search, but next day the old *Renown* fell in with the new battle cruiser *Scharnhorst* and another cruiser, in a snow storm and engaged her. Though the newer ship was

able to show a clean pair of heels, it was not before her fire control had been disabled and it will be some time before she is fit again for service

While the *Renown* was thus engaged in the North, one division of the fleet off Bergen cruising throughout Tuesday, April 9, was attacked throughout the day by German aircraft. This is the first occasion in which ships and aircraft have been pitted against each other except in small bodies or in harbour. The only damage sustained by the ships was a hit upon the flagship, which has not affected her fighting capacity, and slight injuries to two cruisers, which did not interfere with their work, and the loss of the destroyer *Gurkha*. Though one must not draw definite conclusions from a limited experience it is permissible to say that we have no reason to suppose that command of the sea has passed from the surface to the air. What has happened has simply been that a new type of craft now partakes in naval operations. Aircraft have made effective attacks upon cruisers in Norwegian harbours and transports in the Kattegat, but by themselves they cannot command the situation. The closest liaison between all the types of sea fighting instruments, from the battleship to the destroyer and torpedo boat, to the submarine and aircraft, is essential.

What, one asks, was the object of this new aggression? We know that Hitler had marked down the Scandinavian countries for conquest: but what, at this stage of the struggle, does he hope to gain? Some parts are plain. From Denmark he gets those things he needs at once—food-stuffs, petrol and gold. He gets possession of the Danish islands and stepping stones for attacks on Norway and Sweden. He may have counted also on acquiring Iceland and the Faroes, though he can hardly have been so blind as to fail to foresee that Britain would at once either occupy, or defend them; for their value to him as naval bases from which to attack the northern blockading squadron would be inestimable. With admirable promptitude the Faroes have been occupied—it is a repetition of our occupation of the Cape of Good Hope in the name of the Stadholder when the Jacobin armies overran Holland in 1795—and we have announced our intention to prevent any landing in Iceland; and there are more ways than one of doing this.

Perhaps, too, Hitler counts upon using Denmark as a pawn with which to negotiate for the return of the Colonies if a stalemate should arise in the European theatre. We may be fairly sure that, when he is in difficulties, he will offer restitution of his European acquisitions in return for the colonies, and endeavour to represent Britain in the form of a monster, ready to prolong an unnecessary war in order to hold on to the colonies she "stole" from Germany, and Iceland would have been a particularly useful pawn with which to play.

Then as to Norway. It has long been a theory in German naval circles that they need to get out of the "Wet Triangle"—the Heligoland Bight, and to possess naval bases further out into the North Sea. With bases on the western coast of Norway her cruiser forces of all kinds would be better placed for attack upon the British blockading forces in the North; they would not have so far to go to reach them, warnings of movements would be more difficult, for while some measure of observation of German movements is possible by the use of scouting submarines in the Bight, it would be less easy to cover so wide a space as the whole stretch of the Norwegian coast. It is not difficult to visualize the picture which may have presented itself to a megalomaniac mind—well defended bases in as many Norwegian fjords as should be desired, another in Iceland, a stepping stone in the Faroes. The glorious picture might well include Greenland. Then no blockade of Germany by Britain would be possible. Equipped with a fleet built with the resources which she would possess from her European territories, and from the economies which she would effect in her military expenditure when she had crushed all her continental rivals, in possession of new naval bases, she could snap her fingers at the world.

Before, however, this German Paradise could be attained, the war must be won. Supplies of iron and various important allies must be got to win the war. With Norway in German occupation, and with well defended naval bases distributed from Narvik to the Skagerrak the prospects, of being able to protect the passage of convoys or ore-carriers even against a superior British fleet might appear favourable. The convoys, moving at intervals, under the protection of strong squadrons consisting of her battle cruisers and aircraft, could move if

necessary by short voyages from base to base. Great as the superiority of the Allied fleet is it would not be possible to maintain a constant blockade of Narvik or the equivalent of such a force somewhere on the route over the coast. That was the forecast when this gamble was planned.

Certain factors were essential for its success. First, that no great losses should be suffered by the German Navy ; second, that Narvik was strongly held ; third, that the bases on the Norwegian coast should be impregnable by land or sea ; fourth, that there should be an uninterrupted flow of reinforcements and munitions into Oslo ; and fifth, that the internal lines of communication in Norway should be secure.

At sea, the German losses have been appreciable. The *Scharnhorst* and the "pocket battleship" *Admiral Scheer* are temporarily disabled, six out of the eight cruisers with which she began the war are sunk, and twelve destroyers out of the two dozen or so which she had at the beginning of the month. Narvik is in British occupation and British troops have landed at various, as yet unnamed, places on the Norwegian coast. Though communications through the Kattegat with Oslo continue by sea, they have been slowed up by loss of several transports and by minefields ; and though routes can be swept, new fields can constantly be laid. Reinforcements can reach Norway from Denmark by air, but the heavy supplies of guns and ammunition must go by sea.

The reciprocal functions of the navy and army are well brought out. At this moment the army is repeating one of its historic tasks—to assist the navy to obtain command at sea. It does this by ejecting the enemy from his sea bases and obtaining bases for the navy. When new bases are at the navy's disposal, it in turn assists the army in its further operations by acting, with greater strength and continuity, against the sea-borne line of communications of the enemy army.

III.—THE AIR

BY AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON

THE sudden, though far from unexpected, extension northwards of the Nazi war machine, together with the Allied counter-attack immediately ensuing, has served to introduce a phase of air activity which may be recognized as a natural successor to the rather desultory use of aircraft that has so far marked proceedings on both sides. When the history of this war comes finally to be written it will very likely be discovered that its course in the air may clearly be divided into four main parts. Such a division, however, will bear no reference to those air units, specialized or otherwise, which operate over the fronts of armies, either in the sense of normal flying in close co-operation with the forces on the ground or in the case of sudden spurts of energy that are called forth by the necessities of offence and defence on a grand scale. It is to the independent use of the air arm that reference is intended.

The first phase, after seven months of war, has just come to an end, and might not inaptly be described as guerilla warfare in the air. Briefly, it was distinguished by isolated action at uneven intervals, directed in the strictest manner at legitimate objectives, such as ships-of-war in harbour or at sea, and under the most careful instruction, on either side, that civilian life should not be risked, at any rate on shore. Our leaflet dropping, which had no lethal significance, need not be considered in this connection, while reconnaissance flying, for the most part flown by night, was common to either side. Perhaps the most prominent feature of this preliminary phase was that the bombing which took place did not attend on any apparent land or sea activity, nor did it appear to further any particular aim of strategy, though it is only fair to say that the Nazi North Sea flights did accord with their expressed desire to do damage to our shipping. It was strange, indeed, considering the small results accruing, and the toll that was taken of their bombers, that they persisted in the policy. At the time of writing we have suffered the loss of one fighter aircraft, the pilot of which

was rescued from the sea, while 57 Nazi bombers have been destroyed, not to count a comet tail of lame-ducks, injured during combat, which are very likely to have foundered on their way back home. If these visitations had been regular and persistent, the Nazi casualties would have amounted to deterrent loss. But the very sporadic nature of these long flights from German bases have effectually disguised the percentage total of the casualties inflicted by our fighters.

Another feature of these occasional clashes between the fighter and the bomber is the continuous ascendancy of British aircraft belonging to either type. There is no manner of doubt that our Hurricanes and Spitfires can take, at any time, the measure of the Nazi Heinkels, Junkers and Dorniers, or that, for the time being and, perhaps, for long to come, they have imposed upon those heavy types belonging to the enemy a deep awareness of inferiority. So it is, though naturally in less measure, with the British bomber, due regard being given to the hazardous nature of the long-distance tasks they have been called on to perform. They have suffered loss at the hands of Messerschmidts in aerial combat, but in the aggregate it will be found that the enemy's anti-aircraft armament has been responsible for the greater part of the failures to return home. On several occasions British bomber formations have successfully beaten off, and even defeated, enemy fighter attack, in doing which they have displayed themselves as flying fortresses in a true 'Douhet' tradition. The power-operated turret has had a great deal to do with this condition of affairs, and there, at least, we did steal a march on our foe.

Now, the war in the air has taken on a new phase, wherein the Royal Air Force, and the Fleet Air Arm, are assuming an offensive rôle, conducted for the first time as yet in close co-operation with the Navy, and in furtherance to the clear aims of strategy. Hitler's Scandinavian adventure is directly responsible for this change of scene, which has also produced air activities of a varied kind in his own Air Force too. Thus we have witnessed troop carrying on a considerable scale, whereby Nazi holding forces have been landed adjacent to the ports and railheads previously seized from the outside by naval surprise and have there assisted to consolidate the situation.

British air power, in prompt reaction to these events, has had, so far, three main tasks assigned to it. To sink, or cripple, units of the Nazi Fleet wherever found, particularly while harbouring in the occupied fjords; to sever, or seriously to hamper, the enemy's short sea communication with the invaded territory by bombing troops and stores afloat; to attack without remission those aerodromes on Norwegian soil known to be in Nazi use and thereby to reduce enemy air pressure both on the land defenders, and on British ships-of-war. It is a phase of intense air activity in which severe losses must be faced.

For the present our fighters are not in the game, excepting only as those of the Fleet Air Arm can lend a hand to perform occasional escort duty, nor will they be until we are enabled to establish aerodromes of our own in those parts of the invaded country, protected by her army, that are reasonably remote from enemy interference. Until that happens, and the British expeditionary force would appear to be a corollary to the event, our bombers must carry on alone, and in this connection we must not forget the potentiality of the enemy's large bomber force to act reciprocally to our own. Their targets will be exclusively our ships-of-war which, necessarily, must keep the seas within close reach of the coastal waters used by the German Fleet and the vessels of supply that they protect. We are, in fact, in the process of at last appreciating the effect on Navies of intensive air attack, conducted unremittingly and, up to a certain extent, regardless of loss.

So far we have good reason to be gratified as to the present result of the give and take. The deck armour of a British battle-cruiser has successfully withstood the impact of a large-sized bomb. Cruisers that have sustained hits have not fallen out of station. The anti-aircraft armament of our ships-of-war has given a good account of itself. A destroyer, the *Gurkha*, it is true, was sunk by action from the air, but in the case of so small a vessel a direct hit is bound to have some such effect, size and power of manœuvre being, in such cases, the main protection. On the other hand our bombers have destroyed at least two Nazi cruisers, and have been successful in hitting store, or troop, ships from the air.

None the less we must expect that the enemy bomber force

will intensify its action against the British Navy. A real instance has not yet been seen of determined low attack on a capital ship by wave on wave of aircraft, so long sustained as, perhaps, to empty her magazines of anti-aircraft ammunition. But it is surely clear that it will come, and if the Fleet emerges safely from such a trial, at the same time bringing bombers down in handfuls, then at last it can be said that we have the measure of our enemy. This is the issue to be fought out in this second phase of the war in the air, and the whole world will hold its breath until the matter is decided in our favour. We already know for certain that lightly conducted air attack on ships-of-war is not productive of result, and that bombing from high altitude reduces to infinitesimal proportion the chances of a lucky hit. We have now to harden ourselves against the possibility that suicide tactics, as it is hoped they may happily be called, will do the damage looked for by the enemy.

This phase of the air war may last until either Hitler's venture fails, or Norwegian territory is lost beyond recall. In each case, however, it will constrain him to release a big offensive elsewhere, and so it is, in all probability, the prelude to a third phase the chief feature of which will be the bombing of legitimate objectives inland. No doubt an attempt will be made at first to confine such targets to military communications, aerodromes, munition factories not situated in the midst of thickly populated districts, and suchlike. But very soon the inevitable will happen. One side or the other will overstep the mark, by accident or by design, an increasing fury will be aroused and then the last phase of all will be ushered in.

THE ECLIPSE OF LIBERALISM

BY THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G.

LIBERALISM, it must be agreed, is under an eclipse. In every part of the world it is in the shadow. Is there any hope that the shadow will pass, and that Liberalism will once more stand out in the full sunlight? A loose classification has tended to create confusion between the idea of Liberalism and the idea of Democracy. Liberalism, as has often been pointed out, represents an attitude of mind, based on certain definite principles, not depending on a bundle of legislative projects. Democracy represents a system of government whereby the substantial majority of any particular community is able to create, and to maintain or change the form of rulership, of legislative and administrative power, which it considers most desirable. It is rightly supposed that in most cases the choice will not be inconsistent with Liberalism, but there is no guarantee that this will always happen. If the inhabitants of a particular country, for whatever reason of national pride or of fancied security, choose to submit to the rule of an oligarchy, or even of a tyrant, their decision may be thoroughly illiberal, but it cannot be called undemocratic. Yet Democracy, too, is not basking in the sunshine nowadays.

Of all the great countries in the world England is the one in which the plant of Liberalism first took root. Its growth was slow and intermittent; the controversies of religion, philosophy, and party politics played their parts in encouraging or hampering it, but through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it never died down, up to the day when the French Revolution inaugurated a fresh atmosphere in Europe.

Historians have told us that English Liberalism was fostered by the increasing impatience which the leaders of organized industry, the so-called "middle-class", displayed when the free play of cause and effect was checked by Government

interference. The State, indeed, had for centuries held in an iron grip many incidents in an Englishman's daily life, and people were beginning to tire of it. Indeed, not a few of the legislative restrictions on freedom were in practice ignored.

As the eighteenth century progressed the liberal-minded regarded with undiminished suspicion the direct intervention of Government with their habits and interests. This does not mean that they clamoured for a more direct share in the ruling of the country. The Whig oligarchy was in no sense democratic, but recent memories ensured for it a certain popularity. English historical terminology is in a way defective, for the so-called Rebellion of 1642 which culminated in the Civil War, was really a Revolution, while the Glorious Revolution of 1688 was in fact a Rebellion against a Sovereign trying to copy the methods of Louis Quatorze. The Jacobite menace still smouldered, and twice burst into flame; so that the champions of civil and religious liberty were in the front line as defenders of popular rights, though they had little thought of equality, and would have abjured many of the tenets of Algernon Sidney.

Liberalism, like Protestantism, has flourished when the wind is bleak; and the swelling pretensions of George the Third's monarchy provided scope for its growth. But Liberalism by its nature lacks cohesion; it is far easier to agree to wait than to agree precisely whether and at what pace to progress. So the French Revolution split the Whig party into fragments, and evolved the Radical group as a distinct political force. Almost all welcomed the destruction of the Bastille, unimportant in itself, as a blow to historical tyranny; but such sequels as the September Massacres, and the horrors of *les noyades* were to some the prelude to a reign of Anarchy, to others only unfortunate incidents in the struggle for liberty. Through the first quarter of the nineteenth century Liberalism languished; but, as has often happened, devotion to a particular cause soon created reunion. This time the cause was political Reform, and by the great measure of 1832 Liberalism was again borne on the crest of the wave. At that moment two figures emerged, Disraeli and Gladstone, almost contemporaries in age, and destined to lead in a life-long battle of parties.

Disraeli was never a Tory of the old brand. In one of his

early failures at High Wycombe, in 1832, he announced "I start in the high Radical interest. Toryism is dead, and I cannot condescend to be a Whig." It was only in 1835 that he declared himself as a Conservative. For the next forty-five years his flexible Conservatism proved to be the most formidable obstacle to the triumph of Liberal ideas.

Gladstone, as everybody knows, started as a Tory, and remained Conservative in many facets of his polygonal personality. But there was a deep foundation of generous Liberalism, upon which one who loved his fellow men was constrained to build. It was a fortunate accident for Liberalism that the pressure for Free Trade, partly economic, partly humanitarian, brought about the reconstruction of parties. The Peelites had all been good Conservatives, and not many of them survived to become good Liberals; but it was around the greatest Peelite, Gladstone, that the Liberal Party rallied. After the fall of Sir Robert Peel party politics long remained confused, especially in foreign affairs, until in 1866 Liberalism tried to play one of its strongest cards, the enlargement of the franchise. This was overtrumped by Disraeli's ingenious Bill of the following year. It alienated some good Tories, but in the long run justified itself even from a party standpoint. Soon, however, the wheel of Fortune turned, and religious freedom and equality, articles of the Liberal faith, were vindicated by Disestablishment of the Irish Church. Party principles were further asserted by an Education Act, and by the abolition of religious tests at the Universities. Those years perhaps marked the Zenith of Liberalism in England. It rose high again in 1880, mainly from discontent with Conservative Foreign and Indian policy; but it was in a greyer atmosphere. Gladstone became absorbed in Irish politics, and many English Liberals, keenly anxious to do justice to Ireland, resented its monopoly of Parliamentary time which should have been theirs. Earlier, Gladstone had spoken of "the flowing tide", and it was said that an excited Liberal had spoiled his platform peroration by declaiming in stentorian tones "in the striking phrase of our great Leader, 'the flying toad is with us!'" Unhappily that singular batrachian Ariel did not long escort the Liberal Prospero on his road. 1886 witnessed the fiercest

disruption of Liberalism since the French Revolution. The remaking of an Irish Parliament was not in itself a Liberal measure. Liberalism does not demand the multiplication of assemblies, whether independent or subordinate. It has often applauded centralization, even where citizens differ as markedly as a Lombard does from a Sicilian. The strength of the Irish case lay in the reality of the demand, not its abstract merits. The harsh British denial, destined thirty years later to give place to utter surrender, left the Liberal party in complete shadow.

It can here be noted that John Morley's editorship of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* coincided in a great degree with the hey-day of British Liberalism. This article is not concerned with his literary merits, or with the personal charm which endeared him to troops of friends of different creeds and parties. He took charge of the *FORTNIGHTLY* in 1867, and carried it on for fifteen years, collecting a band of contributors of extraordinary eminence. Many of them represented the Extreme Left (to use the French term), and were not merely anti-clerical, but anti-religious. The Church of England was assailed with special venom. The French Revolution, a favourite playground of the editor's, was regarded as a model to be generally imitated. These opinions were admirably stated, and no doubt from time to time overstated. They exposed many undoubted abuses; but they did not tend to consolidate the Liberal party. The heirs of old-fashioned Whiggery detested what was called Philosophical Radicalism; and the break-up of 1886 was not due only to mistrust of the Home Rule policy.

After the Liberal defeat of 1895 the gloom was deepened by dissensions between Gladstone's successors. Morley was for hammering on with Home Rule; Harcourt for tackling the drink question; Rosebery, with greater prescience, for curbing the House of Lords. The South African War developed fresh divergencies of a more serious kind, for they involved moral principles, not mere preferences for parliamentary expedients. Then once more, *quod mimime reris*, the enemy saved the situation. The sudden though not unforeseen conversion of Joseph Chamberlain to the Protectionist creed, added to dislike of the almost Prussian attitude of Balfour's Government towards

the racial problem in South Africa, with memories of the Chinese Labour fiasco, drove the Liberal party into confident reunion, and obliterated all recollection of personal squabbles. Campbell-Bannerman proved to be the ideal man for the hour ; and when time claimed him as its victim, and Asquith assumed his mantle, seconded by Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm for social aid to the aged and poor, the sun still shone brightly. Then came 1914 and the War, and no Liberal administration has come into being since 1915. After twenty-five years of coma, can there be a re-awakening ?

The foregoing sketch has indicated the various subjects on which Liberalism has been able to stir the mind of the people, to influence administration and to fashion legislation. We see that in Foreign Affairs it has spoken up for the rights of small nations and of oppressed minorities, but there has always existed a strong element objecting to assertion abroad and to the armed strength which makes such assertion possible, so long as there are grievances unredressed at home, poverty unrelieved, and inequalities unchecked. Still most Liberals have not wished to abandon the functions of a Great Power, but have resisted what Lord Salisbury termed the mania " to go everywhere and take everything ".

Nor has the Liberal party neglected the Empire, though there have been sharp divisions of opinion on Imperial policy. The gradual progress of the Dominions to practical independence has not been the work of one party, though Liberals can claim that but for their action after the victory of 1905 the difficult problem of South Africa would have been far more difficult, and might perhaps have proved to be insoluble. Nor has Liberalism any cause to regret its part in the administration of India and the Colonies in the past. On the contrary, it can claim that its understanding of native races, and sympathy with their material and moral progress have been as a rule more acute than those of its opponents. But it would be extravagant to base a demand for Liberal supremacy either on the working of the Foreign Office or our relations with the King's dominions overseas, whether free or dependent.

For centuries religious freedom has been a Liberal watchword. The Disestablished Churches of Ireland and Wales, which both

fought hard for their privileges, would now cheerfully admit that their loss has been a gain. Not merely by melting the frozen barrier which parted them from the majority of their fellow-countrymen of other creeds, but by positively promoting efficiency and quickening interest. The generation which is old to-day can recall the time when, especially in the North, where Nonconformity was strong, Liberal candidates were asked to support the Disestablishment of the Church of England. If they themselves were Churchmen they usually replied that the question was not before the country, and therefore could not be answered. But the clamour was considerable, and it is curious to reflect that now the principal advocates of the change, judging by letters to the press, are dissatisfied members of the Established Church.

In the face of the growing neglect of religious observances a closer union of purpose and action between the different Churches can be unmistakably noticed. For example, the blaze of controversy over religious education has greatly died down. On this the Liberal attitude was well defined. Equally pronounced has been the Liberal belief in the value of general education and of equal opportunities for acquiring it. Mistrust of popular education may not be so openly expressed as it was, but it has not entirely evaporated. Old-fashioned conservatism still holds that much schooling makes the young generation discontented with their lot and over-ambitious for a rise in the world, and in particular that it is mainly responsible for the exodus from country villages to towns. To which a Liberal may reply, "on your last point, it is true that education in country schools has often been on wrong lines, but there are many other reasons for the flight to the towns. As for discontent, it is sometimes justified; but the best discontent is for a man to be discontented with himself, and that is what education does for him."

No attribute of Liberalism has been more essential, or more distinctive, than its devotion to the cause of Free Trade. As with all ardent faiths, devotees here sometimes overstated their case. Adam Smith, its greatest evangelist, admitted certain exceptions, and even excused the Navigation Laws, the most flagrant defiance of the doctrine. But it must be noted that the Liberal party stands alone in maintaining that every departure

from the rule needs special justification. Conservatism has always been Protectionist, and shouted for joy when Joseph Chamberlain fell into line. Socialism naturally prefers a managed to an unrestricted system, so favours control of supplies and prices by Import Boards. As Philip Snowden said in October, 1931, "The Labour Party is not a Free Trade party. Its candidates are saying that from a thousand platforms. The party has issued an election programme which involves the most extreme form of Protection." It is therefore a satisfaction to recall that a year later the two most distinguished Liberals in the second National Government, Sir Herbert Samuel (as he then was) and Sir Archibald Sinclair, stuck to their guns and resigned sooner than accept a measure founded on the Ottawa conference, which propounded tariffs not to meet an emergency or a peculiar case but to initiate an enduring system of Protection. The present Liberal policy on fiscal matters is on the old lines.

Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform were three articles of the Liberal faith. To take them in reverse order—Reform, fuller representation of the popular will, was for generations a milestone on the road to freedom. It was not always a Whig or Liberal triumph. Disraeli's *grand coup* of 1867 has been mentioned. The Act of 1884 was the outcome of a rather sulky compromise. Suffrage for women, the ideal of John Mill and his school, was tepidly supported by John Morley, and was disliked by such staunch Liberals as Asquith and others. Everybody now has the vote, and Liberals have to ask whether the last word on Parliamentary Reform has been said. The Chartist demands of 1838 were premature, but have all been met, except that for annual Parliaments, for though electoral districts have not been equalized, anomalies have been steadily reduced as far as local conditions and prejudices can permit. The outstanding point is that of Proportional Representation. It is an easy taunt by the two other parties, both of which dread it, more particularly, perhaps, the Socialists, that a decrepit troop, such as the Liberals, naturally calls for a change which would give a fictitious impression of their real standing in the country. It is equally easy to point out that the other parties naturally favour a system which draws a false picture of their true strength. And that apart from the unquestioned charge of unfairness, it is

in itself undesirable to divide the electorate into two camps, the one mainly interested in the retention of property, the other in methods of expropriation. The most telling argument against Proportional Representation is that it would tend to substitute for our old system of parties in Parliament a congeries of unrelated groups, conceivable in a circular Chamber with a tribune for speakers, and altogether unsuited to our House of Commons. But in fact the splitting up into groups has already gone far, and is likely to go further when the present Government is replaced by another. It might not be feasible to initiate a new system at once by a gigantic Reform and Redistribution Bill, but surely we could try the experiment in a selected class of constituencies, as indeed has already been systematically suggested.

Retrenchment, too, has had its day, and the word reverberates with an almost ironical echo. The finance of Gladstone seems to be almost as remote as that of Charles Montagu. During the era of social reform which followed the Liberal victory of 1905 the nation's resources were skilfully and economically exploited; but it may be that in combatting the selfish resistance to the Budget of 1909 not enough emphasis was laid on the need for watchful economy in administering the great sums to be produced by taxation. But the old tradition still lives, and it is the Liberal party that preaches the doctrine of saving for national ends both public and private monies. The Tory party has discountenanced increased taxes and rates, particularly the latter, but it has been apt to regard minor economies as "cheese-paring" and unworthy of a great nation. Socialism, on the other hand, cannot be expected to economize so long as it is convinced that the pockets of the well-to-do are still overfilled. So long as people are seen driving in large motor-cars, and entering expensive restaurants there must be plenty of money about. How far recent legislation has dissipated these illusions it is difficult to say. The present situation may make it clear, as that of 1914 to 1918 should have, that wealth can be destroyed more easily than it can be redistributed.

The third word, Peace, echoes even more cynically. War smothers all the aspirations of Liberalism. Free Trade withers because most foreign trade is gone, and what is left has to be

controlled. Education, checked in every war by the calling up of young men, is doubly maimed by the evacuation plans exacted by the dreadful perils of modern warfare. The national wealth has to be squandered on an unprecedented scale. The hopes for a better world raised by the establishment of the League of Nations have, for the time being, sunk into the background. But these bitter regrets do not mean that Liberals are behind any others in insisting that the war must be fought to a victorious end. To remember only Bohemia and Poland makes compromise impossible with those who, in the famous words of the biographer of Agricola, hold that "robbery, murder, rapine, are dignified by the false name of government. They make a wilderness and call it peace."

A Conservative or Socialist critic who has glanced at the foregoing pages might ask: "assuming that your historical summary is accurate, are you convinced that the Liberal party can continue to exist, or if it can, that it will serve any useful purpose? We do not deny that it has done good work in the past, that it has shown some prevision, and corrected some abuses. But is not its day over? All that is valuable in its principles has been absorbed by other parties. What has been the history of Liberalism in France, Germany, and Italy?"

These questions demand a categorical answer, for some of them wear the plausible attire of half-truths. It is true that many Conservatives are not like Lord Eldon, and that some imitate the Disraeli who wrote *Sybil*; but the party has never countered the popular belief that it stands first for property and privilege. One sees complaints, even from critics inside the pale, that in too many constituencies candidates are chosen for their readiness to pay a large toll of annual subscriptions. And the party remains a close corporation. We hear much of national union and the quenching of party spirit, but nothing of extinguishing Conservative predominance or mollifying the rigidity of the Carlton Club.

Some millions of electors in the British Isles will not admit that the sole alternative is a Socialist victory and a headlong plunge into an unexplored stream of political life. By a singular paradox, this number is likely to be increased by the series of smashing blows which the war deals to the owners of great

possessions. There were not a few voters, by no means adorers of Karl Marx—small traders, clerks in the minor grades of the Civil Service and in private businesses, the holders of small pensions—who felt that wealth is ill distributed and that a Labour Government was most likely to correct the balance. But now the axe has fallen, and the executioner is not dressed in red. It does not seem certain that in all other respects the programme even of milder Socialism will greatly attract the new electorate. Increased pensions are fascinating, if the money is forthcoming to pay them. But a Labour Government settled in power could not continue a series of unbalanced Budgets. To the average Briton nationalization is neither a bugbear nor a panacea. He remembers that in the Middle Ages national defence was largely a private responsibility, and that organized poor-relief only started five hundred years after the Conquest. The Post Office seems bound to be a public care ; but for centuries the postal work of the ancient Empire was the appanage of the Bavarian house of Thurn and Taxis, the final compensation for its nationalization having been paid within living memory. It is not clear who would benefit by the nationalization of agricultural land, or of railways and mines, assuming that these could not be run at a loss, as they would be if wages were generously raised without mulcting the user of the service or the consumer of the product. There is no evidence that public management would be more imaginative, or public working cheaper, but rather the contrary. On the other hand, the dread of over-centralization and of the extinction of small businesses will make many hesitate to hasten even the most bloodless of revolutions.

We need not be troubled by the fate of Liberalism in other European countries. In France such old-fashioned Liberal Free-traders as M. Yves Guyot may not survive. But the Radical and Socialist-Radical party is a potent force. By a blunder common in the British press, it is often called “ Radical-Socialist ”, which would have a quite different implication. And many *soi-disant* Socialists in France are substantial people in no way hostile to private enterprise. The history of German Liberalism is singular. In the middle of the last century it promised the most hopeful development of the faith, with men

of the type of Bunsen as its prophets. Then Bismarck emerged. In the Frankfurt Assembly protests against infringement of personal liberty had been carried. In Prussia the fight was carried on, and in 1862 Bismarck crushed Parliamentary opposition. The victorious wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870 seemed to vindicate his action, and from that time German Liberalism has been extinct. Those who admire the sequel to that triumph are welcome to do so. The Italian case was altogether different. The Risorgimento had the sympathy of the advanced thinkers in all countries, but when a Parliamentary system was created it was not able to work naturally, and Liberalism never had the chance of being a directing power. Britain has not got to choose between Fascism and Socialism, between the Corporate method and private enterprise.

The conclusion is that both Conservatives and Socialists, *sua si bona norint*, should welcome the continuance of a compact Liberal party. Thoughtful Conservatives, averse from being merely the champions of property, should recognize the value of an organization from which they may often differ, but which is as deeply rooted in history as themselves, and has a better chance of being a steadying force in times of danger, for it is prepared to try experiments, not to burn boats.

The Labour party, while also frequently at issue with Liberals, would find that on such subjects as education, housing, and child welfare they would often be on common ground. And it should not be forgotten that in some of their aspects Trade-unionism and the Co-operative movement are in closer affinity with Liberalism than with academic Socialism.

It is a harassing period for Liberals, especially for the young men and women, who find themselves forced into the background in their best years, and to whom the prospect looks dark. It has been poetically said by a foreign writer that just as when a man walks towards the sun his shadow falls behind him, so when he moves towards the light envy and detraction dog his steps. But let us conclude with a confident *Sursum corda!*

THE INTERRUPTER

This poem was written in the first six weeks of war, and inevitably carries the marks of trouble. It is hardly necessary to say that it may therefore be a trouble to those who read it. It would be beside the point to make excuses for it ; but it is legitimate, perhaps, because of the trouble, to ask as much patience with it as will take the reader through to the end before he finally passes judgment in his mind upon its content. If it begins in storm it ends in quiet. Whether it wins that quiet by right or by self-illusion is what the author must leave to the reader. The occasion is a war that threatens to cause widespread suffering, one that is without doubt an intense focus of human destiny, and therefore of immense import to every person, and it is for this reason and no other that anyone is asked to read it, and to read it through. Perhaps the attempt was too much for the equipment of the author, the event being so huge and so complex. Yet here it is ; and if it is wrong the author knows that it is nevertheless true, if not as a philosophy, at least as a record of one who felt the need of a philosophy.

FRANK KENDON.

I.

I FORGIVE you all for dying like that ;

It was perhaps the best thing to do—

Dying like that was perhaps the best thing to do.

I was sorry for Men, you see, Men losing their Freedom ;

I was angry at that ; I supported War. My Tears

Put this Sword in your hands. This bomb ? you said ;

Must I drop this ? On them ? On them, I said.

You must be bloody sorry for them, you said ;

What about me ? I am sorry for all the world, I said ;

Can't you see that without more argument ?

Do you think I do this lightly, without thinking ?

Do exactly what ? you interrupted—

Do you think I do this lightly, without thinking—

Declaring War, I mean ?

You've thought it out ? you said, incredulous,

You mean, you've thought it out ? I do, I said ;

The time has come at last, We Must Stand Firm ;

I have Pledged that, when they bomb, We will Retaliate.

You're coming, then ? you said. (I was too old, that's all.)

They must be resisted, I said. There is No other Way

Of Saving Freedom. We must Pay the Price.

Whose freedom did you mean ? you said
 Whose freedom do you mean to save with *this* ?
 Ours, when we wipe a thousand of them out ?
 Theirs, when they rush their kids into the cellars ?
 No, I said sadly ; that is the Price We Pay.

I see, you said ; and you intend to buy it :
 You'll get it, won't you, for the price you pay ?
 I most sincerely hope so, I replied ;
 At least you won't say that I broke Our Pledge.
 I shan't say much, you said.
 I see, now, what you meant.
 I see now what you meant :
 Freedom is not a thing to talk about
 In detail, but a Cause, a Sacred Charge,
 So sacred that Things done in Freedom's name
 However unspeakable, corrupt, and brutish
 They may seem in themselves are by that Name
 Rechristened Noble Sacrifice. You know, I said,
 I do not *like* to Unsheathe this Dreadful Sword—
 (Swords are all right, you said.)—
 I hoped we shouldn't have to call you up ;
 But We've Got to Be Prepared.

I noticed that, you said, stuck up on cottage gates,
 And in the backs of cars, and in shop windows.
 You planted that on us—slogan democracy—
 Prepared ? Prepared for what ? You left that out.
 You called your military big-talk, what ?
 A Peace-Front, didn't you ? We stood for that
 All right ; The rest was simply plain Defence.
 Now it's a Blow for Freedom, and you know
 As well as I do that it's nothing but the devil
 In us poor followers, put to a use by you.
 Don't think I'm angry : Nothing's happened yet.

I didn't know, I said, you'd feel like this.
 Keep a Stout Heart ; We're going to Win Through.
 (It's winning, is it, now ? you said)
 I saw that I must change my argument.
 I said : You've heard of German concentration camps ?
 (I seem to know the name, somehow, you said)
 Fill up your mind, I said, with all the beastly things
 Reported from the concentration camps, and then
 Let fly your Cleansing Anger. *This* ? you asked.

I nodded and agreed. You're Quite a Realist.
Am I? you said; All right, I'd better go;
What's the address? I named a German town.

You looked at me. That's funny, that is, you said;
Ever been there yourself? I was, last summer;
A decent little, a decent little place, friendly you know.
But that's all one, you said. I'll give them Hell,
And when I've blasted all their, all their well-kept gardens,
You'll give them Freedom, won't you? That'll be lovely.
You *are* a missionary, aren't you?
Yes, I said, a sort of missionary,
And so are you.
Our Cause is Just; how can We Hesitate?
You've said it, boss, you said. Give us that Gospel;
We'll do a bit of crucifying ourselves, this time.

No, I won't go! you shouted.
You'll go, I said, for Freedom, Justice, Honour.

In my mind, you said, my private mind,
I know that what you intend, you warrior christian,
And what you hide from yourself in sentimental headlines,
Cannot be said in plain and simple speech;
No decent tongue could say it to one man—
Would you geld me, and get my heart's offspring for me?
Yet you'll be my private conscience and compassion
So that indecencies,
And for a holy reason,
Such as will shake a tyrant,
May with God's blessing be performed on strangers
And bring us all to our ugliest. I won't go!

You are under oath to obey, I said. You can't change now.
Put down that dangerous bomb, I said.
You seemed at a loss for a smile. You put it down.
What you have said is treason, I said, and serious.
Freedom, Justice, Honour, you asked, treason to these?
It's serious all right.
If all were men like you, I said, it might be different.
I'm nothing special, you said. Average, I should say,
Wife and two kids, like you. I'm nothing special.

It's got to be, I said. There's no escape for us.
What's the alternative? you said.

A tyranny like mine, but worse, I admitted.
 How could that be ? you said ;
 You haven't touched my being ; I'm unspotted
 At least as far as you're concerned. I will not be your butcher.
 I won't be Freedom's butcher, either ;
 I am free enough, you said, from any tyrant.

You may be free enough, I said, but there are others ;
 That's the whole point of concentration camps.
 This other Tyranny might take your wife and children
 And put them to debauchery and torture.
 That's the alternative, I said.

Honestly, you said, after a moment,
 I don't *see* an alternative.
 Is it worse to be a victim than a tyrant ?
 How can I choose ? Where is the difference ?
 You say he *might* do this ; but *you've just done it*.
 Why handle horror when it suits your purpose ?
 You know what torture does—to other people,
 Though you don't need to spot your cuffs with blood.
 I'll face that other tyrant when he comes, and
 I want to be alive to do it properly,
 Not just a sacrifice on Freedom's altar,
 Caiaphas, eh ?

But wait a bit, you said. What is his crime ?
 I thought you'd think again, I said.
 Give it in general terms, you said ; no details now.

I said : *He takes the innocent and tortures them
 Body and mind, and some of them he kills.*
 Who'd think you'd ever talked in slogans now ? you said.
 Let's think that out together, that plain-speaking—
 You know that German town, that Price we've got to Pay,
 You wanted me to bomb it, *that one, you know*.
 Yes, I said.
 Let's be cool and clear, you said. You know what bombs are ?
 Yes, I said. Now, listen then, you said :
 "*He takes the innocent and tortures them
 Body and mind, and some of them he kills.*"
 That's wickedness, you said. That's right, I said, it is ;
 No man can stand still under things of that sort, can he ?
 You understand, now that you've faced the Naked Truth,
 What men of nineteen-thirty-nine have got to deal with.

The world's an ugly place, a very ugly place ;
 (You looked away, and did not interrupt)
 Someone has got to do some Cleaning Up ;
 I saw that, all along. My job's not easy, either,
 Persuading people out of a perfectly harmless
 Peacetime ignorance. We've Got to be Prepared. . . .
 I'm glad we've had this sensible talk together, I added.
 It's good to get things off your chest sometimes.
 Most men are Decent Chaps when you Get Down to them.

II.

For a day or two I couldn't forget that hour :
 The last word ought, by rights, to have been with you. . . .
 We had hardly touched the difference between us. . . .
 Both hating tyranny and at such odds about it ;
 It can't be merely age, I said ;
 I've had my passion too, and I remember it.
 Besides, I said, in spite of all the mud and slavery—
 That uniform you wear,
 Those clothes, to me and many thousands like me,
 Are signs of what I was and never thought to be :
 A man given a mission more than his own,
 Lifted from a ledger, lifted from pointless habit,
 Given a purpose, given a physical life—
 Why not admit that the army mended me ?
 Men can be fellows, that's about what it came to—
 We found that out, I mean ; and that was something.

Given a purpose ? you said. Given a physical life ?
 Although the men you found could be your fellows
 Are, lots of them, now unnecessary heroes.
 This courage, comradeship, purpose, self-sacrifice,
 These are not qualities of war, you know,
 They're qualities of men,
 And after War the number of men is less,
 By simple subtraction, needing no argument.
 And you old sweats,
 Isn't it time to say that the way you found
 To sweeten your reason was to simplify ?
 We were wanted, you say, and so we went.
 Nor do the dead themselves lay claim to nobility ;
 What I say now won't hurt them,
 But PRO PATRIA MORI, is that true—

Or this ?

" What Did You Do in the Great War, Daddy ? "—

" You're proud of Your Pals in the Army,

But what do Your Pals think of You ? "

Did they carve these on War Memorials ?

Yet that's how many went, as you know well ;

It was as simple as that.

They made you ashamed to live to be yourself ;

Left you no respite ; troubled you with atrocities ;

Offered to hang the Kaiser ; got you, sooner or later ;

And after four years and ten million single murders,

The world a charnel, sick of death and anger

And all the waste, waste, waste of holy human work,

Came to an end with nothing but graves and famine,

Pensions and poppies and unknown-warrior-worship. . . .

That's twenty years ago (forty minutes of Silence).

Now they want others.

They're at it again, with more efficient guns,

More aeroplanes, more bombs, more lasting gas,

Things they can really trust in, crying now :

Freedom is in Danger, Defend it with all your Might.

They're men, themselves, but they don't believe in men ;

They bait to catch a conscience, but, to put the world to rights,

Set mothers filling shells, fathers begetting death ;

They had to think of something, didn't they ?

They had to stop the rot.

Alas, for us,

So little do they really trust our decent nature,

They must save Freedom from us, by us, for us.

Trot out that idiot Juggernaut of History ;

Fetch gardeners, shepherds, shopmen, commercial travellers,

Give them a Purpose ; lift them from Ledgers ;

Men must have Freedom and We will Defend it

Torture for Torture till they can take it.

—And yet, what else could they do ?

In spite of myself I could see no other answer—

If men are not led they cannot fight for freedom ;

For you know, I said,

The freedom of the world is indeed in danger,

The guns are real, I said. The devil is in action.

Yes, you said ; and leaving out the guns and threats,

The statesmen daily override their people,

Foster their worst, spit shame upon their gentleness,

Rob to maintain their right to leadership,
And take the youngsters off to teach them cruelty
And pride and lies and hatred.

You suddenly stopped, and turned your eyes to the window ;
Come and stand here, you said. Quick ! See, on that rose tree !

A bullfinch, I said.

The wind was shaking the first of the fallen leaves
Across the grass. And beyond the grass
My friendly-looking beech tree tossed in the wind
Against a dark blue sky.
The bird played in the leaves
And his shadow played in the grass.
The top of a cloud behind the tree moved eastward.

This evil is certainly here in this afternoon world, you said—
And yet, what else could they do ?

The bullfinch flew down to his shadow ;
We stood side by side facing the window together,
Eyeing the garden.
Women are filling shells with man-destruction ;
And yet, what else could they do ? you said,
The mills are milling poison ;
Some of the guns they're making now, you said,
Can fire a shell that weighs a ton for twenty miles,
And when it touches earth
The crater blasted by its one explosion
Could take two hundred corpses in its apex.
It takes great skill, you said, to make such guns
And such shells—and yet, what else could they do ?

You cannot hear the hissing of the leaves, you said,
And yet you know it ; you'd almost swear you see it,
The sighing dance of the tree makes visible
That soft whispering noise. . . . And as for bombs,
We've always got those ready, up our sleeves,
And mustard gas, blistering agony, that as well
Ready to hand if (mark the word) if need be :
If Freedom needs it, if Christianity demands it,
As by their parsons and their posters I am told they do.
What else could we do, we artisans and housewives ?
O desperate, bankrupt, blindly led, crying : What else ?

Silence fell and you made me drink it
So that we heard, as well as saw, the hissing
Of the forgotten leaves.
And out of the bottom of the silence
As quiet as my thoughts, with far away words
I thought I said : You mean, what worse could we do ?

You said : The cloud behind your tree is a tower of light ;
Keep your eyes on that cloud, you said, and being a man,
Answer me fairly, as a cloud might. Have I,
Have I belied War, except as words must fail us ?

No, I said.

Bit by bit, man by man,
Shell by shell, man by man,
Murder by murder, man by man,
Taken piecemeal, it is as bad, at least,
As I have said ?

In itself it is altogether bad, I said.

Yet Freedom is in danger, you said. Will you defend it ?
I will, with all my might.

What is your might ? you said.

A man's, at least, I said.

That is, your reason and your soul, you said ;
Only by these weapons man is master of the world,
Better than the beasts, master of himself ;
These have served well and surely for a million years ;
These have made a hornless, fangless race
Stronger than hunger, ice, or mountain.
Armed, one in each hand, you are wise,
You are impregnably wise.

Tyranny being rife and ugly, as you say,
Still, patiently ask reason if war is good or bad,
For that is the question between us ;

Ask your own soul if war is good or bad.

Do not blind them wilfully with the word.

But see it full length, its gashes and its hatred,
Mark that its sole strength is in dealing death,
Know that the dead are neither wise nor good,
Can never more be free, nor love a country,
That death can only act on living men,
Can only destroy their reason and their soul
The very faculties, the only faculties
By which a man becomes Mankind,
In union of which, and not of flesh with metal,
The nobility of Justice is maintained,

Do not make tyranny an excuse for surrender !

I saw the Tree's shape doubled in the Cloud's,
 The Cloud's shape in the Tree's. Your words did not now
 Drive out the good world, as your angry words had done ;
 I heard or thought a voice like yours, that said :
 Do not appeal to death saying, What else can I do ?
 Ask life, What more can we do ? This is your answer.
 Most men are decent chaps when you get down to them.

III.

Days have gone by and still you don't come back.
 Why did you close the only refuge I had ?
 The storm rages about me, now ;
 It is too late for quietness such as you praised.
 My brothers and friends are strong with their conviction ;
 The work they do together fills them with strength
 Such as they dumbly longed for when they spent
 Their daylight hours and bought a salary. . . .
 And I sit railing here, but half a man.
 Who were you, after all ?
 How can one " arm oneself with soul and reason " ?
 In this world of united purpose I want something to do ?

Do not sit railing here, you said.

Why did you make me watch the tree ? I said,

Because it was there, you said, and you could see it,
 A thing, with life and senses of its own,
 Which from a seed has followed, day and night,
 The easy truth of its own quiet nature.

I know it in all its lights, I said.

Alas, I do not ask for parables now, to help me.

This is no parable of a tree, you said ;
 But common, inescapable fact ; since we divide
 All substance without doubt into two kinds—
 The living, and the inert,
 In which great cleavage through the world we know
 Mankind and treekind are inseparably brothers.
 The same life stirs them, and the selfsame purpose—

To pass this parentage to younger counterparts,
 And, living in time, in time to cease from living.
 Your beech tree grows and colours, fruits and falls,
 In intricate and clear-cut difference
 From ash and oak and others ;
 Each tree being good of its kind by self-obedience ;
 The whole purpose of beech-mast being intrinsic :
 To do its living best to be that kind of tree.
 It is not a parable, you said,
 That man and tree are alike.
 Men are good of their kind by right obedience, too ;
 The whole purpose of childhood being intrinsic :
 To do its living best to be that kind of creature.
 Surely in every man the best of man is minted ;
 Life is his opportunity, his peace of being's to prove it.
 Doubt this and all's frustrated.
 Whatever is your life-giver is the tree's ;
 You cannot otherwise define him, need not name him,
 But his law and liking must be in your freedom.

Which I had thought to defend, I said.

No threat, you said, less than annihilation of all men
 Imperils a thing so bound into his pulse.
 Man's difference of kind is in his soul and reason,
 His heritage is welded with his kind,
 It is just for man to be free, having reason and soul—
 This is our instinct of man's nature :
Something that merits freedom.
 Leave that root nature only time to leaf,
 If man but lives his heritage is certain. . . .
 Your Tyrant's no more than a man, you said,
 He cannot change mankind.

He's mad, I said. He must be !

False to man's permanent nature,
 That is mad, you said.
 If he is not on the course that kind lays down
 For man to verify, he is sure to fail.

His converts will maintain his ways, I said.

Will they also be mad ? you asked.

Yes or no—how can I tell ? I said.

Surely. If they maintain inhuman ways ;
If they seek to frustrate the course
That kind lays down for man to follow,
They will be mad, you said,
And in the end mere will of man
To be invincibly himself
Must bend them all aside.
Life is by heritage unshakeable of purpose.

You take a very long view, I said.

Not so long a view as eyeless life, you said.

But power of terror is in their hands, I said ;
And those who oppose them die, and they increase.

Hold firm and cool awhile longer, you said.
Are you convinced they do man's nature wrong ?
Do not let terror or even suffering dictate an answer,
Are you convinced they do man's nature wrong ?

You know you have no need to ask it, I said ;
The world of nameless men agrees to damn them.
Terror and suffering are here good evidence,
By them I know they do man's nature wrong.

Cancer ? you said.
If terror and suffering are good evidence ?

Again, you yourself know the difference, I said.
Cancer has no party.
No will to break man's spirit, no intention.
But terror and suffering are their *instruments*,
We watch them handle and use them,
And that they use them against fellow-men
Is itself instance that from heart within
They do man's nature wrong.

Do they themselves believe this ? Are their motives
As they interpret them, to do humanity harm ?
Do they seek to justify their acts ?

None of us knows their hearts, I said ;
But if by words they justify such things as
(All the world knows) they have daily done,
If, in perversity, they call their motives good,
We still believe and know that their cruelty affronts
And thwarts and wrongs man's nature.
What they do is evil.

It is the same, you said, with those who fall into war.
For terror and suffering are war's only instruments,
We see them handle and use them,
And that they use them against fellow men
Is itself instance that from heart within
They do man's nature wrong.

None of us knows their hearts, I said.

They do not hear their own, you said ;
For even if by words they justify such things
As war must daily do,
Even if they call their motives worthy
You still believe that cruelty of man
Affronts and thwarts and wrongs man's nature.
These are your words, you said.
O, if your faith has any virtue left,
Do not deny them for a symbol of Freedom ;
Nor for any motive, not for compassion even
Be yourself pitiless and desperate with war.

What is the good of pleading thus with me ? I said ;
The storm rages about us now.
It is too late for quietness such as you praised ;
By myself I can do nothing now.

The only way to do nothing, you said, is to die.
For forty years you have pestered life for its purpose ;
You have had one answer, though for forty years
You have rejected it. The purpose of life is to live.
Is man too proud a thing to take that answer ?
It would be poor faith even in a gardener
To swear that seen effects are the only good.
Who knows what the lifting of a head may do ?

Man cannot live to himself alone, I said ;
It is surely in his nature to serve his kind.

But only live, only give channel to kind, you said ;
Others will feel your life, accepting your service.
Who knows what the thinking of a thought may do ?
Think, and, as you think, you live,
And, as you live, you are seen to live
By those whose eyes are about you ;
Or think, and, as you think, you love,
And as you love you are beloved
By those whose lives are about you ;
Or think, and, as you think, you speak,
And as you speak you are understood,
And as you are understood believed.
The lifting of a finger is not lost, you said.
A good thought, a kindness of being,
An eye thankful for autumn, a sorrow borne,
A wave of the hand, a memory recalled,
A silence, a just answer, a clear refusal,
A step further—thus advances our kind.
Because no eye can measure
The marks these chisels make,
In your impatience you doubt them,
You, who can give a man his birthright
In saying goodnight to him,
Why do you say it is too late for quietness now ?

And again by some strange force of affection in you
You drew me silently to the window,
For you did not call me, nor beckon, did you ?
I was constrained to stand equal with you,
Perhaps by the golden light.
And at some moment, no more noticed than
A single leaf-fall, you became
The space about me :
I could not turn, nor stir the air,
Nor cast a shadow, without you.
As I stood, receiving the autumn,
The silence melted before my heart-beats,
I heard in that your footsteps
Mounting, mounting, mounting.

INTERIM REMARKS

BY H. G. WELLS

FOR the past few months I have been almost continually engaged in sampling human reactions to the present situation. I have received and read, and sometimes re-read, thousands of letters provoked by my trial attempts to state the broad facts of that situation, and a very considerable volume of printed comment and criticism. In addition I have read a large number of books which, quite independently of anything I was doing, deal with these same broad facts. In modern phraseology I have been engaged in Mass Observation in the field of expression of opinion. A certain section of the letters dealt in a spirit of charitable detestation with my parlous spiritual state, and others dwelt very wholesomely on my lack of personal charm and the undesirableness of my continued existence. I agree about the disagreeableness; I am not particularly in love with my style; but I find it gets rather oily and ambiguous when I try assuagement; and I find a sufficient counter-correspondence to go on with their research in my own manner. It cannot be so very long anyhow before I stop altogether.

Happily the very great bulk of this material I have had to handle has been without personal reference, pleasant or unpleasant. Even when it has been definitely addressed to me, it has been inspired by so keen an interest in the material under discussion, that only facts, views and estimates have mattered to the writers. One would have to be omniscient or completely stupid not to have learnt a great deal both in detail and about the general shape and statement of one's views through such an experience, and though I find the general trend of thought I have followed remains substantially the same, there has been nevertheless a decided change in the relative value of two of the main lines of possible political development, and I have realized

a need for much greater explicitness upon certain issues where I had rashly assumed there was a general understanding.

Let me begin with the remarks upon "The World beyond the War" made by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher* in the February issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY. He means after the war. He describes me as the "prophet of the World State". He suggests that I live upon a "philosophical plane" and assumes that "statesmen", whom he equates with "hardened politicians" are not likely to find the World State (a term he substitutes for my "World Pax" and "World Order" which have very different implications) a practical or even a helpful suggestion. (God help them and the world if they don't emerge with something of the sort!) Further he assumes that I have projected some sort of "constitution", which, "in view of the vast preponderance of the Asiatic population", will "confide" to some mysterious entity called "Asia" the supreme direction of the "world's affairs". He evidently imagines this "Asia" of his as casting a solid vote in the Westminster of this "World State" he foists upon me, for—whatever it is he imagines is being decided. The "Asia" party!

Now this distortion of my conception is, I think, due more than anything else to a certain inevitable carelessness with which a man of Mr. Fisher's high standing as a political historian of the descriptive school, with little or no knowledge of human biology, naturally glances over my all too laboured and unfamiliar reasonings. What I have put forward is really no such laughable "idealistic" prophesying as he demolishes, but the plainest and simplest statement of the present biological poise of human affairs. I have been, for more than half my life, in my dull, persistent way, elaborating a generalization about man's history—my *Outline of History* for example is essentially an essay in stating that generalization—which is, if Mr. Fisher will pardon my italics, that *the size of human communities is and always has been conditioned by the facilities of communication between man and man*. In the *Outline* I trace this through the development of speech, writing, horse and desert transport, shipping, the wheeled vehicle, printing, star

*It is with very great regret that we record the death of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, shortly after this article had been written and passed for press.—Editor, THE FORTNIGHTLY.

and compass sailing, steam transport, telegraphy and so on, down to the headlong "abolition of distance" in the present age. I show clearly, not as something prophetic or Utopian or idealistic or anything of that sort, that as a practical fact all our sovereign states are now pot-bound, too tight in their boundaries, and that politicians and statesmen, being creatures of usage and precedent, are failing to adapt themselves in time to the new scale of operations imposed upon them. They are pot-bound too. And secondly, another fact, a hard simple fact with no dream quality about it, and nevertheless a fact to which Mr. Fisher seems to be totally blind, is that *an enormous increase in the available mechanical energy in the world has in less than half a century entirely destroyed the reality of the economic and social classifications of the past few thousand years, and given men all about the earth, monstrous powers of mutual aid or mutual destruction.*

These are facts as incontrovertible as the statement that the sun will rise to-morrow. They threaten us and all our lives immediately. They overrule every one of the political and anecdotal considerations to which Mr. Fisher's studies have obviously been confined. We have to adapt ourselves to them and we have to do it fast, or undergo complete social disaster. Is that plain? I am not screaming this from a tripod, I am writing from a desk and I am simply telling you as plainly as possible what is coming to you. So far as I can understand him, Mr. Fisher finds the idea of adaptation too difficult, a scandalous breach of historical continuity. I admit the difficulty. When I read Mr. Fisher it towers up to overwhelming proportions. Personally I am doing my certainly very poor utmost to discover the possible way to adaptation. And that, I suggest, is what we should all be at now. I do not think this nonsense about "Asia" outvoting "Europe," or those sly pokes at Mr. Wells "with his table (cp. Moses) of the Rights of Man" contribute anything to an urgently necessary examination of our difficulties. I have pointed out the supreme need for some common basis for world solidarity, and it seems to me that a carefully thought out Declaration of Rights will provide that. The Declaration is now undergoing revision by a very competent committee and is now divided into more than ten clauses.

I have succeeded in interesting a considerable number of people in the elaboration of that world charter and it is well in hand. It is no panacea, this is no case for panaceas, but it is a necessary implement if that urgent adaptation is to be achieved. Once that Declaration has been framed, I do not see that there need be any invincible difficulty in getting it into every country in the world. Perhaps such existing governments as those of Russia and Germany will try to prevent its diffusion. Probably nearly every government in the world will hesitate to accept it as a fundamental declaration. You cannot eat your cake and have it, and if you really want a World Pax, that means you have to steel your mind to the idea that *all* the political governments of the world have to be superseded to a very considerable extent, to an extent, indeed, quite beyond what any national "statesmen" as Mr. Fisher calls them, or any ruling class anywhere, is so far prepared to accept. They dream of keeping the old patchwork going with a few superficial political concessions like Federation or a rejuvenated League of Nations. They resist and they will resist every step towards the final effective obliteration of boundaries. They have much to learn if they are to change over to creativeness, and they will not learn it while men of Mr. Fisher's gifts and standing pander to their traditionalism. Failing that miracle, the work of world unification must evidently be the work of oppositions and agitators, of liberal-minded men, natural aristocrats, and the commonsense of common men, working upon a basis of world-wide solidarity, against existing governments everywhere. The adaptation of mankind to these new conditions that will otherwise destroy us, means a world revolution, and it cannot mean anything else. It may be achieved over large areas without much fighting, but only after great struggles and debates.

Now let me state as simply as I can what I mean when I say that my sense of the relative values of certain processes in this task of world adaptation has been modified by these months of study I have spent in getting my mind clear. When we call this warfare a war between Democracy and Totalitarianism, I realize more and more, we mean not a struggle between existing sovereign powers, divided vertically from one another, the *good* democracies and the bad, *bad*, BAD, swastika

folk, but a struggle between aggressive dominating types of people and the general interest, which is going on *in every state in the world*. I am in agreement with the psychology of Adler rather than Freud about the essential motives of human beings. The desire to feel secure and superior, to command and extort respect and recognition, amounts to a primary hunger; it is far more essential than the intermittent drives of sex. It leads everywhere and under any political formula, to parallel, if not identical, conflicts.

That has been manifested very plainly by the course of events in Northern Europe. In Finland and all the Scandinavian countries there has been a very considerable amount of progressive liberal and labour legislation during the past quarter of a century. Social services have been vigorously developed, educational standards have risen, slums have vanished, upper chambers have disappeared from the legislatures; no other countries whatever have gone so far in the direction of a universally prosperous equalitarian parliamentary régime. There was a vast increase in common happiness. The ground was cut from beneath the feet of the Communist. In Finland in 1918 there had been a very considerable Marxist movement and there was a grim civil war; it is not an entirely satisfactory story but in the end compromise prevailed. In a brief twenty years insurrectionary Marxism had dwindled to ineffectiveness in Finland, the agrarian and urban workers had come to a working understanding, and men who had literally hunted one another in the days of conflict were working together for the general good. It was an astounding experience to come, as I did in 1920 and again in 1934, from the Marxist pseudo-socialism of Russia to these orderly, happy and highly socialistic countries.

Yes. But there was discontent in them and discontent of a very definite sort. In Stockholm last August when I was there I encountered some very strong whiffs of that discontent. I do not mean discontent from below. There was indeed an active Communist Party, but that was no more natural to the soil than our English communism. It was just a nuisance to the Labour-Liberal political bodies, and it was quite conceivably subsidized by reactionary money. Its chief activity there as everywhere was to disorganize the progressive

parties. The real and dangerous discontent was from above. One found it among the more active employers, in the official and military classes and the sort of people who were gradually being deprived of their sense of superiority and importance by the progressive social equalization. They felt it had gone too far. They resented the criticism of their business management and finance, they were offended by the sight of the happy and cheerful common people who ate in the same rather democratized restaurants and showed the utmost lack of deference in tramways and trains. They felt just as our British Colonel Blimps do when a private in uniform eats in their presence, or a coloured man gets into the same railway compartment. They wanted these common people deprived of their Parliament and put back in their places, and they saw in the Nazi reaction in Germany the very pattern of the methods required.

Why should we pretend things were not so? In Sweden up to the outbreak of the war there was the possibility of an illegal pro-Nazi coup, and the same was manifestly true of Finland. So far had matters gone that the warplanes of Finland were even adorned with a blue swastika to facilitate their co-operation with the black. Everything was ready for a struggle from above downwards to arrest the legalized democratic drift and embark upon a common attack upon Russia as the symbol (even if it had become a monstrously unsatisfactory symbol) of the proletarian idea. In 1937-8 Sweden and Finland, like Poland, were ripe for a Nazi revolt from above. And it is absurd to say that the Stalin-Molotov dictatorship in Russia had no reason to fear an attack through Finland. From their doctrinaire, stupid and suspicious but not altogether ill-informed point of view they had ample reason to regard Finland as the destined spear-head of an anti-Comintern attack.

It is to Hitler that we owe the frustration of this reactionary possibility. No man in the world, not even Ribbentrop, has done so much as he has done to expose and destroy the imminent danger of totalitarian world dominion. Think of all the possible allies this foolish leader of the blind has dispersed. The Germanized and Yiddish-speaking Jews fought loyally for German ascendancy inside and outside Germany as long as they

possibly could. In the 1914-1918 conflict their services to Germany were of immense value. All the Jews in Poland and the Baltic provinces were naturally pro-German. Germany was their spiritual home. Yiddish was a German dialect and they were proud of it. The Jews in America, again, until Hitler came along, were largely anti-British and pro-German. He deprived Germany of all that potential loyalty and preference. Then, in a state of hysteria at the approach of his particular nightmare, the war upon two fronts, he sold his possible Nazi friends like cattle to their traditional enemies. I hope to see the Finnish air power grow and grow, but at the same time I hope to see the blue swastika and all it stands for fade out of the struggle and out of the political imagination of the north.

The point I want particularly to stress here is the revelation of *the extreme precariousness* of any advances in social well-being and popular happiness by parliamentary activity, unless they are fortified by *a world-wide co-operation of the popular and constructive elements in society* to restrain the fear and resentment of the rich and privileged. I have always opposed and ridiculed the class-war theories of Marx and his followers, the class-war upward, but this long spell of Mass Observation I have done has brought me to realize, as I have never done before, the strength and quality of the class-war downward. I find this jealousy, this fear of equality, this dread of a world without inferiors, without people one can command and order about, a primary factor in our present perplexities.

It happens that a typical case of downward class-hatred has come to hand, volunteered, so to speak, in the person of Dean Inge. In a recent essay about me he has favoured the world with an explanation of the revolutionary flavour of my views. I suffer, he says, and have never recovered from, "the hardships of my early life"; I am "permanently embittered" with the genteel classes; at the sight of real ladies, deer parks, the stately homes of England and the Clergy, I "see Red" and "exult in the destitution which I hope awaits them". (Note please that word "destitution" and not "destruction", because I shall have more to say about it.) He then sails on to a string of vague utterances against "Victorian Socialism" and a story of vast massacres and abominable outrages

committed, he alleges in Spain, and apparently with my connivance if not under my direct incitement. Or else I do not know why he drags them in when he writes about me.

I have watched the Dean closely for years. I have been curious about him and perplexed by him. He is conservative and reactionary, but he is not an arrogant Tory. There is nothing of the large generosity of an autocrat about him, nor has he any of the overbearing confidence of a storm-trooper or a Russian commissar. Nor should I say he is at all snobbish, though he takes a lively interest in people of good family. But he is saturated with animus against common people and against any legislation or social forces that seem likely to diminish to any degree their inferiority to himself. He grudges them their reproduction, their education, for which he assumes they are "unfitted", and he bemoans any collective action to civilize their living and working conditions. Now there it seems we have something closely akin to that spirit of suppression which underlies that middle and upper class sympathy with the Totalitarian State outside the formally Totalitarian States which I observed in Sweden, the spirit in fact of the blue swastika. But it lacks aggressive quality. If and when I am hustled off with blows and kicks to the Brown House or seized and dosed with castor oil, I am sure I shall not detect his familiar and, I warn him, very recognizable legs and gaiters among my masked assailants. His Fascism is of a more indoor and defensive type.

And reconsidering again those innumerable articles of his I am struck more and more by the continual insistence upon payments. He resents paying for "other people's children" and other people's illnesses and old age and so on and so forth. And following up this clue, I find it leads me not merely to an explanation of Dean Inge, but to the adjustment of quite a large mass of behaviour in our world at the present time to our world problem. He stands pre-eminently for that rentier type of mind which has been produced in great masses by the financial and economic developments of the past two or three centuries. He clings to a superiority over the great majority of his fellow creatures, but he does not do so in any titled, decorated, armed and trampling manner. He has transferred all that assertiveness

to his property and more particularly to his investment list. For him typically, as for vast multitudes of his class, the central sustaining reality in life is neither God nor Church nor country, nor duty nor any of those brave decorative things, but the investment list and the income it yields. He thinks in terms of solvency, and his use of "destitution" instead of "destruction" in the sentence I have quoted, exposes the core of his mind. Whatever sustains that central reality is his good, whatever threatens it is his evil. There is the key to his objection to expenditure on social service and to his dread of anything that threatens him with expropriation. In a world of increasing terrors for his class, he still clings to the desperate idea that these swastika cults will keep the people down for him. The supreme evil, because it is the plainest threat, is "Bolshevism", but anyone he suspects of taxation and collectivization, he denounces, as he denounces me, as a "Red". We are all Reds together, we are all in a conspiracy against that sacred thing, which he calls civilization, Christian civilization or what you will, and nothing is too bad for us. He lapses into conspiracy mania upon the lines of Mrs. Nesta Webster, whose *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements* must never be forgotten in any study of our present political and social conflict in Britain.

Now I do not want to accuse Dean Inge of any essential dishonesty or wickedness. He is not writing or thinking, as people say, with his tongue in his cheek. It is all to his credit that he reveals to us, honestly and plainly, exactly what he is. He is what his origins have made him. He does not know how completely his mind has been transferred to those threatened investments as the touchstone of social and political good. But the consequences of such a fundamental distortion of the mind become apparent directly we come to any question of evidence bearing on the case. Any statement that discredits these "Reds", however preposterous, he accepts and repeats eagerly. Any statement that seems to him to favour the anti-Reds must by that fact be true. And I find he has a kindred spirit in our press in Mr. Arthur Bryant.

I will take them therefore together. I refuse to charge either of these gentlemen with deliberate falsehood. But I can

do so only on the assumption that they are so mentally deranged by their horror of expropriation as the ultimate evil, that they are indifferent to the ordinary rules of evidence. I have been pleading with them recently, both in private and in public, to come straight and own up, about certain fantastic statements they have made about Spain, and it is only after a complete failure to get them to do anything of the sort, that I produce them here as types of a widespread, and still spreading, infectious mental malady, a malady that has to be taken into very serious consideration in our speculation upon the possibility of bringing some sort of new order out of our present world confusion.

First with Dean Inge. He has written (the italics are mine)—

“ I cannot understand how any decent person can deny that the Nationalists were justified in taking arms against *those devils in human shape*, the Spanish Reds, who, fighting under the ‘ hammer and sickle ’ and *under orders from Moscow*, butchered three hundred thousand men and women, a hundred thousand in Madrid alone, *in an attempt to extirpate whole classes of the population*. It is difficult to forget what an American eye-witness saw in the town of Ronda, near Malaga. The Reds impaled on stakes *all the male inhabitants who belonged to the middle class*, and while they were dying in agony compelled them to watch their wives and daughters being first violated and then burnt alive. There are scores of similar horrors equally well authenticated.”

There is plain statement. I asked for the evidence, and I pointed out that when the “ Nationalists ” took arms, the Spanish government was a Liberal Republican one which had recently suppressed with considerable difficulty an Anarchist-Syndicalist revolt. And I asked particularly for the name and qualifications of that American eye-witness. To which the Dean replied proudly : “ I have made a careful study of the Spanish horrors, and have accepted none but well-documented evidence.” He then without a word of apology dropped his American eye-witness, and appealed to “ a book by Mr. Arthur Bryant ”, which Mr. Bryant tells me does not exist—he has never written about Ronda—and there I was left. Mr. Bryant referred me to “ official ” reports upon atrocities by the Nationalist authorities, but I feel I have hunted the Dean far enough. As for the

Communist rule in Spain, the Dean cites Krivitsky's *I was Stalin's Agent* as convincing evidence. It is plain that if Krivitsky's book has a word of truth in it, then he was by his own confession an accessory for many years to a complex of crimes, frauds and tortures. Why should we trust him now? The Dean cannot have it both ways. And this assertion that something is "official", without date or other reference, is really beyond sane acceptance. What Herr Goebbels says is "official". What Lord Haw Haw says is "official" and the denials of the Republican Government in Madrid were equally official. So far from making a "careful study" of the matter, it is plain that the Dean has just shut his eyes and gobbled what he wanted. "I could have found several equally dreadful examples by Spanish eye-witnesses, but some of them I did not care to keep on my shelves. The estimate of 300,000 victims is official; some have put the number much higher. Krivitsky's *I was Stalin's Agent* is most illuminating; for example p. 120: 'The Ogpu had done a brilliant piece of work. In December 1936, the terror was sweeping Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. The Ogpu . . . carried out assassinations and kidnappings. . . . The Soviet Union had a grip on Loyalist Spain, as if it were already a Soviet possession.'

According to the Dean and Mr. Arthur Bryant, Franco, you see, had taken arms *in July*, 1936, to avenge what happened in the subsequent December.

Meanwhile, so far as figures go, Mr. Arthur Bryant outdoes Dean Inge, and I find him running on in this style in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*. ". . . the deliberate murder of 800,000 men, women and children in cold blood, as did *the Communist rulers of Republican Spain in the early days of the Civil War*. For it seems that these ghastly slaughter-house figures, which can now at last be computed, far exceed anything previously estimated in this country".

Shocked by this, I wrote direct to Mr. Arthur Bryant asking him to clear up that massacre of the entire middle class of Ronda with the Dean, and to justify or apologise and withdraw his "deliberate murder . . . in cold blood" figures and his statement that the Republican Government in Spain at the time of Franco's treason was a "Communist" one. I pleaded with

him as one decent Englishman to another to own up and not make it necessary for me to expose him. He referred me as his source for that 800,000 to an evidently well-informed article in *The Times* for January 3rd last. Now here let me quote what that article says.

“The shadow of tragedy lies heavy over all. With a total of murdered estimated at 800,000, apart from 400,000 killed in regular fighting there is hardly a family in the land without a sense of wrong as well as loss, if not a desire for vengeance. This extends to the relatives of the ‘executed’. Ten months after the civil war ended, prisons remain crammed and tribunals have to struggle to keep pace with arrests. Denunciation is extended to foreigners, as in the case of Mr. Charles Clayton Ray, president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Madrid, who has been twice molested. Association with the ‘Red’ Governments or authorities, even in an official capacity, is confounded with criminality. . . . In spite of promises to the contrary persecution for political reasons continues and heavy sentences are pronounced. Fifty Basque priests still lie in prison. Two of them were recently reprieved from death by General Franco, but the Mayors of Tudela and Eibar, together with the youth Raimundo Uriarte, leader of the Basque *mendigoxales* (Alpinists) were shot.”

You see what Mr. Bryant’s 800,000 butchered “in cold blood” amounts to. It includes all the Franco massacres also, and it spreads over the whole period from 1935 to the present day. Yet he still clings to his own interpretation. It is a triumph of faith over fact. The Dean’s “official” 300,000 is a reduction of half a million, and still it will not stand examination. No less a witness than General Franco can be put into the box. In a review of the state of Spain at the end of last year he gave the figure of government killings from first to last as 100,000. Even he may not be entirely free from bias. One gets down to something rather more tangible in F. A. Voigt’s *Unto Caesar*. There we find that he estimates the shooting in Madrid, including those of persons who were spying, signalling or fighting against the government within the city, and who were shot therefore according to all the accepted usages of war, as “at least” 40,000. He tells me personally that he was able to see the

police records of the shootings in Madrid from first to last, and he estimates the total of those records as about 35,000. He feels however, that these figures are incomplete, and he adds another 10,000 for his own satisfaction. Let us assume that 22,500 of these were unjustifiable political murders. That is frightful enough, but we must remember Spaniards of all parties take their politics grimly. Still it does little to exculpate my two cases from the charge of a bias amounting in effect to mania.

Now if these two gentlemen on the table were rare specimens it would not be worth while devoting space and time to their state of mind, but they are not rare specimens, and the infection of their mental processes spreads. In *The Fate of Homo sapiens* I drew attention to the influence of Mrs. Nesta Webster's *Secret Societies and Subversive Movements*. It is a book that all serious people interested in the British situation ought to read and think about, and very few of them do. I give Mrs. Nesta this much advertisement. You hear little of her in what we call literary circles, and your ordinary educated man, if her volume should ever come into his hands, will probably either consider it a joke and read it through with chuckles, or drop it as preposterously silly. But *the politics of Great Britain are not now in the hands of highly educated people*, and if we are to understand the mental forces at work in influential quarters at the present time, we cannot ignore Mrs. Webster, Buchmanism, Christian Science, occultism and so forth. They are probably more influential even than orthodox Anglicanism.

In my *Fate of Homo sapiens*, published before the war broke out, I wrote: "I should describe Mrs. Nesta Webster as a perfectly sane and capable person with insane ideas, so widely do I disagree with her. I believe her influence has spread far beyond the circle of her actual readers. Milder forms of the same intellectual malaise at any rate are now very prevalent throughout the more prosperous classes in Great Britain and America. It is the only way to account for the behaviour of Mr. Neville Chamberlain for example, or Lord Rothermere, the British newspaper proprietor, towards the Jews, towards Russia, during the past two or three years. A tepid negligent broad Christianity is becoming an aggressive, narrow pro-Christianity under the stresses of the time."

To which I have only to add now that these case-book studies I have made, throw a new and very illuminating light upon the reality beneath all this vehement pseudo-Christianity that threatens to convert the present conflict into a religious war. And I think they make the significance of that Finnish blue-swastika clear. All these things build together into a psychological understanding of that downward class war, which threatens all our liberties.

I agree with Mr. Fisher in his scepticism about the Federation idea. I look less and less to that and more and more to the development of *ad hoc* world services sustained by a world public opinion. My persuasion has been strengthened that world unity can be achieved only by a world movement to that end. I look to the possibility of a Declaration of Rights becoming the common credo of such a world movement, and to the development of cosmopolitan relations between the new international social types that are now appearing, aviators, technicians generally, biologists, agriculturists, scientific workers of all sorts, creative artists, all skilled and competent workers, which will exercise a steadily increasing pressure upon their governments to behave in the interests of social order and world peace. There seems to me to be an enormous amount of will waiting to be crystallized upon these lines.

But the last man to know whether a battle is being lost or won is generally the active combatant.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN CANADA

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE verdict delivered by the Canadian people in the general election held on March 26 was in conformity with the predictions of all impartial political experts, except in regard to the size of the Liberal majority. For not even the most optimistic supporters of the King Ministry cherished hopes that it would be able after four and a half years of office to preserve intact the record majority of 115 which it held in a House of Commons of 245 members at the time of dissolution. But it has actually increased it, for it is assured of 183 supporters, and may add to this number when two vacancies, already created by sudden death, are filled. It made an almost clean sweep of the province of Quebec, where the Conservatives are left with only one solitary member out of 65, and it actually made a net gain of one seat in Ontario where it was prepared to lose at least 20 seats ; it also increased its representation from Alberta and British Columbia, and suffered its only setback in New Brunswick where it lost 4 seats to the Conservatives, and in Saskatchewan where it had to surrender several to the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. The Conservatives, who were temporarily disguised for the election as the National Government party, were extremely disappointed that they could only increase their strength from 39 to 40 and the C.C.F. and the other Leftist faction, the New Democracy, remain inconsequential minority groups. The returns available for the popular vote, with the results in a few outlying communities missing, show that the Liberals, by polling 2,411,197 out of a total of 4,458,861 votes cast, increased their percentage of the popular vote, which was only 46.8 per cent. in the election of 1935, to 53 per cent. The Conservatives, who secured a total of 1,396,749 votes as compared with 1,312,637, saw their percentage decline.

The result is simultaneously a decisive endorsement of the war policy and programme of the King Ministry and an emphatic rebuke to the misguided tactics of the official opposition which was fighting the election under a new leader, Dr. R. J. Manion. The Liberals, in their election strategy, bent all their energies successfully to the restriction of the issue of the election. They asked which party offered the best prospect of maintaining national unity and prosecuting the national war effort with vigour and efficiency, and, except in the western provinces where the Leftist movement is strongest, the voters paid little attention to the domestic issues, which all the opposition groups tried to inject into the campaign.

For the success of this effort the chief credit can be given to Mr. Mackenzie King, who has enhanced his already great reputation as a shrewd political tactician and can regard the result as a great personal triumph. It was his own personal decision, taken in face of the misgivings of some of his Cabinet, to accept immediately the challenge offered to his Ministry by the vote of censure passed by the Ontario Legislature. He took the risks involved in the summary dissolution of Parliament a few hours after it had reassembled, and a vote of confidence from the voters. During the campaign he steadfastly declined to discuss any issue unconnected with the war and, offering a skilful defence of his Ministry's war programme, was able to present an effective case for a fresh mandate. He also very cleverly abandoned his usual rôle of an ardent evangelist of Liberal doctrines and assumed the rôle of a national leader who felt that, in view of the tremendous issues at stake in Europe, normal partisan warfare in Canada was unjustifiable. He also, to his credit, refused in face of great provocation from some of his opponents, to be drawn into personal controversies and abusive recriminations, and did his best to keep the tone of the campaign at a high level. He has had his reward in a striking vote of confidence and has now before him the prospect of being able to hold the premiership of Canada for a longer period than any of his predecessors.

But, although its victory was under the circumstances almost inevitable, the political pundits have been busy since the election trying to discover what influences operated upon the minds of the

voters to prevent any operation of the normal swing of the pendulum and secure for a Ministry, which had by no means a flawless administrative record, an increased majority. The generally accepted theory is that the great majority of the voters were satisfied with the war record of the King Ministry. They knew that it was marred by some grave errors and malfeasances, but they felt that it had adequately honoured Canada's obligations as a partner in the British Commonwealth by providing protection for Canada's coasts and trade, by despatching overseas a fully-equipped division, plus 4,000 ancillary troops, and by organizing another division which is ready to sail. They appreciated that it had made a good start with the mobilization of Canada's financial, industrial and economic resources for the benefit of the Allied cause, and by taking firm measures to protect the public from exploitation by profiteers.

They were not persuaded that Dr. Manion and his associates could have done any better, or were likely to provide an administration of high efficiency, and therefore saw no reason for interrupting the continuity of the administration of the war effort by a change of Ministry at Ottawa. But some political observers also discern in the result evidence of a widespread anxiety on the part of the Canadian people that their resources of young man-power and wealth should not be drained away to a ruinous degree by the war. They heard more than one Minister declare during the campaign that the Government had made careful calculations about the contribution which Canada could afford to make to the Allied Cause without ruining herself, and they were determined not to exceed that limit. They felt that as long as Mr. King and Mr. Lapointe were in office at Ottawa, they would resist all pressure to exceed the limits which they had set for Canada's effort. But they were not sure whether Dr. Manion might not, under combined pressure from the British Government and the Imperialist elements in his own party, be induced, if the war was prolonged, to throw all Canada's resources to the last man and last dollar into the scales for the purpose of achieving victory. These apprehensions were undoubtedly very rife in Quebec, but they also existed in the English-speaking provinces and it is an open secret that when Dr. Manion arrived to speak in constituencies in Ontario, which

had a purely English-speaking population, his candidates entreated him not to criticize the King Ministry for the inadequacy of its war effort, and to reiterate his pledges against Conscription. If this theory is correct, then the Canadian people pronounced for a continuance of a vigorous war effort, but with certain limitations.

The Liberals entered the campaign with manifest advantages. They had maintained through their National Liberal Federation, which has no Conservative counterpart, an efficient organization in all the provinces and they had in its president, Senator Lambert, a very shrewd and experienced director of electioneering strategy; their recovery of the control of the provincial administration in Quebec through the defeat of the *Union Nationale* party in October had enabled them to rebuild their political machine in that province and they enjoyed the co-operation of six other provincial ministries. They had at their disposal a richer campaign fund than any other party, and as a result were able to spend more money on posters and advertisements. They could also put in the field a much more formidable troupe of experienced campaigners than their opponents and their press support was in abler hands. They were also able to represent themselves as the only party which offered a prospect of preserving national unity for a war policy and to make use of the hoary argument about the danger of swapping horses in mid stream. Furthermore they had secured the neutrality of a substantial number of manufacturers, who were normally supporters of the Conservative party. The manufacturers had profited from the generous stream of war contracts flowing out of Ottawa since the outbreak of war and, in anticipation of further orders from the same source, were not disposed to antagonize a Ministry which had a good prospect of returning to power.

To overcome these advantages was obviously a difficult task for the Conservative party but they made it hopeless by adopting what proved a disastrous line of strategy. They might have appealed to the country for a mandate on the basis of the historical traditions of their party as the steadiest champion of Imperial co-operation, on their record of past accomplishments, on the strength of popular following and on the possession of

a fair share of the political talent of the Dominion. They could have declared that, if the voters did not see fit to entrust them with office, they should at least provide them with a strong parliamentary contingent, capable of performing efficiently the duties of an opposition, and have intimated that, if the exigencies of the war made a Coalition Ministry necessary, they would cordially co-operate in its formation. An appeal on this basis would have produced an election debate which would have contributed to the political education of the Canadian people and, although the Conservatives probably could not have achieved victory, they would certainly have increased their parliamentary strength and made a considerable recovery of prestige with the public.

But Dr. Manion, to his undoing, elected to embark upon a ruinous adventure. He was conscious that the notorious weakness of the Conservative front bench in the last Parliament would be paraded by the Liberals as an index of his inability to form a competent Ministry, and so he decided to remedy this handicap by announcing at the start of the campaign that, if he was given a majority, he would form a National Ministry recruited from the best available talents in the country regardless of their political affiliations and thereby bring to an end the partisan character of the administration of the national war effort. It was undoubtedly his hope that he would thereby be able to attract to his standard Premier Mitchell Hepburn of Ontario and other malcontent Liberals, but it proved illusory and in the end only three of his candidates were not of proven Conservative antecedents. Then, when Premier King explicitly stated that neither he nor any of his colleagues would dream of joining a National Ministry under Dr. Manion, and Mr. Woodsworth, the leader of the C.C.F. party, also condemned the project, the public reached the conclusion that it was a mere façade erected for the election and should be treated as such. But it cost Dr. Manion heavily in defections in his own party. As a former Liberal, he apparently did not realize how strongly many Conservatives were attached to the historic name and traditions of their party and when he proceeded to style his nominees "National Government candidates", the *Hamilton Spectator*, the oldest and staunchest Conservative paper in Canada, voiced the resentment of thousands

of Conservatives. Worse still the *Gazette* and the *Star*, the two great Conservative papers of Montreal, which had always disapproved of Dr. Manion's radical tendencies, relapsed into an attitude of chill neutrality towards him.

Then Dr. Manion was somewhat unhappy in his oratorical performances. His geniality and friendly ways ensured for him a good reception wherever he went, but he had on the platform what Talleyrand called the "terrible gift of familiarity" and his fondness for telling stories racy of the soil did not compensate for his apparent inability to conduct a sustained political argument. The managers of his campaign were not less maladroit, and, when old-fashioned Conservatives saw posters exhorting them to vote for "Bob Manion" they felt that the party of Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Bennett had fallen on evil days. But what finally sealed the doom of Dr. Manion and his associates was their resort when the campaign seemed to be going adversely for them, to tactics of personal abuse and sweeping charges, often backed by insufficient evidence, against the integrity of their opponents. The result was that scores of voters, including many Conservatives, became definitely convinced that Dr. Manion possessed neither the abilities nor the temperament required for the premiership of Canada in these critical times. The unfortunate Dr. Manion suffered personal defeat in an attempt to regain his old seat in Fort William, which he had held from 1917 to 1935, and the general expectation is that, in view of the humiliating *débâcle* experienced by his party, he will not try to retain the leadership. In the event of his resignation the Conservative party, which has already formally resumed its old name, will elect a temporary leader for the coming session and at a later date hold another party convention for the election of a new leader.

But it was patently through the support of dissentient Conservatives that the Liberals were able to win what are normally safe Conservative strongholds in cities like Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, and to hold industrial seats elsewhere in Eastern Canada, and since the Liberals lost seats to the C.C.F. in their great western stronghold of Saskatchewan, the net result of the election was an increase of Rightist influences, already ominously strong, in the councils of Liberalism. Over

this development the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the most genuinely Liberal paper in Canada, makes no secret of its disquietude and declares that since the Government secured the adhesion of thousands of voters who "never were and never will be Liberals" it was probably no longer entitled to be called a Liberal Ministry, and that therefore there was urgent need for vigorous independence and vigilance on the part of all real Liberals.

It was plain from the opening of the campaign that the Leftist movement had no prospect of making serious headway in this election as long as its forces were divided by the foolish quarrel between the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation and its younger rival the New Democracy party founded by Mr. W. D. Herridge, K.C., formerly Canadian Minister at Washington and a brother-in-law of Mr. R. B. Bennett. Mr. Herridge had been able to enlist under this banner the Social Credit cohorts of Premier Aberhart. Negotiations to achieve a working alliance for the election had broken down before the election loomed up, because the leaders of the C.C.F. would not accept the Social Credit thesis and the New Democrats were adamant against any endorsement of the socialist programme of the C.C.F. Neither of the two Leftist factions cut any serious figure east of the Great Lakes but in numerous western constituencies the bitter fights between their competing nominees enabled Liberal candidates to slip in with minority votes. The C.C.F. fared better than its rival for although its policy of limiting Canadian participation in the War to financial and material aid cost it seats in British Columbia through the alienation of many of its British-born supporters, it was able to raise its representation at Ottawa from 7 to 8 by its gains in Saskatchewan and by winning its first foothold in the Maritime provinces through the capture of a seat in Nova Scotia. The New Democrats suffered from the backwash of the provincial election in Alberta, held five days before the Federal contest, in which the Social Credit Ministry of Premier Aberhart had its huge majority severely pared down and it lost 8 out of the 17 seats held by the Social Crediters in the last Parliament, its leader, Mr. Herridge, failing to secure election in a three-cornered contest in Saskatchewan. The combined Leftist vote in the

West was of very substantial dimensions but radical sentiment in Canada will not secure adequate representation at Ottawa until a post-war election is fought amid an accumulation of popular discontent on purely domestic issues.

Whether the Conservative party of Canada can ever experience a real revival of its fortunes is problematical and there are not wanting in its own ranks Cassandras who predict its gradual extinction as an effective political instrument. They point out that it is without representation in four out of the nine provincial legislatures, and only in those of Ontario and New Brunswick has it any substantial strength. Moreover, they maintain that without the nourishment emanating from vigorous provincial organization a Federal political party has no chance of permanent health. They argue that as long as the leaders of the Liberal party pursue, as they now do, courses which are satisfactory not merely to French Canada, the great fundamental reservoir of conservative sentiment in Canada, but also to the financial and industrial interests, there cannot be any real rehabilitation of Conservatism, simply because there is not room for two Conservative parties in Canada. They also foresee that once the war is finished and the Canadian people find themselves compelled to seek solutions for a variety of baffling economic and industrial problems, the Leftist movement will have settled its internal quarrels and developed such support that the forces, which desire to resist it, will be unwilling to risk a division of their strength between two parties.

But it is also foreseen that the close of the war may produce issues, which will be liable to split the Liberal party from top to bottom. For one thing the problem of the reform of the Canadian Constitution, which was framed as long ago as 1867 for a community consisting chiefly of pioneer farmers, woodsmen, and merchants, will be ripe for solution. It has been the subject of an exhaustive investigation by a Royal Commission of authoritative experts and their report, whose compilation has occupied two full years, is in the hands of the King Ministry. Now it is confidently anticipated that this report will recommend a substantial enlargement of the Federal authority at the expense of the jurisdiction of the provincial governments, and that its publication will open up a vista of prolonged controversy. For

one thing the French-Canadian people are almost a unit in their opposition to any impairment of their provincial autonomy, which they cherish fiercely as a safeguard of their separate racial culture and linguistic privileges, and any serious change in the direction of greater centralization at Ottawa would encounter the hostility of their representatives. The Liberal Ministry of New Brunswick, a province in which the French now number more than one-third of the total population, has also proclaimed its resolute antagonism to any aggrandisement of the Federal authority and on the same side, but from different motives, would be ranged the Social Credit Ministry of Alberta, recently endowed with a new popular mandate, which takes the view that any augmentation of the Federal power would help the banking and financial interests to strengthen their grip over monetary policy. It is probable that the issue of constitutional reform will have to be submitted to the verdict of a general election, in which all present party lines would be broken and there would emerge a fresh aglinment between the advocates of an increase of the Federal authority and the defenders of the *status quo*. However, the Conservatives, if they assumed the latter rôle, would be departing from the traditional position of their party which has always shown less tenderness for provincial rights than the Liberals have done.

For the Conservatives, therefore, a much more fruitful issue might well arise from the problem of Canada's relations with the mother country. Voices are being raised to point out that if the present war lasts until 1942 Canada, a North-American country, will have been engaged for ten out of the last forty-three years in fighting overseas wars arising out of policies for which her government has had no real responsibility. Among the Canadian people there is a growing determination that somehow or other they must secure immunity from the recurrence of these sacrificial ordeals. It is true that the Canadian Governments which have been in power since the last war could, if they had so elected, have exercised a powerful influence over British foreign policy and probably averted some of the errors into which it fell, but they preferred to evade any responsibility for it and the consequences of their *laissez faire* attitude are now being faced.

The Canadian people have in the recent election reiterated their determination to honour their obligations as partners in the British Commonwealth, but at the end of the war they will feel free to take stock of their position and any Ministry which is in office at Ottawa, will be compelled to make very fateful decisions. If the Allies, having vanquished Nazi Germany, decide that the only feasible method of keeping the natural bellicosity of the German people under peaceful restraint within the comity of nations is by some scheme of European or world Federation, will Canada as a partner in the British Commonwealth agree to become a member state? Again, in the unhappy event of the war ending in a stalemate, it is clear that Britain and France, faced with an unsubdued Germany, will have no alternative but to transform the firm co-operative alliance which has now been established between them into the same sort of permanent union as now exists between England and Scotland. But will the Canadian people agree to assume a partnership in such an alliance and accept the responsibilities and dangers involved in it? Then, if Canada asks Britain to refrain from partnership in either such a Federation or such an alliance, will she be willing to forswear the opposition which she has always shown to all schemes of Imperial Federation, or will she decide that complete independence opens the only path for immunity from the consequences of the feuds and broils of Europe? Now the French-Canadians are certain to have their isolationism intensified by the war and will prefer independence to any perpetuation of commitments in Europe. But there will be a large body of opinion in the English-speaking provinces which will take the view that for weal or woe Canada's future is bound up with the fate of Britain. When this issue has to be faced, there may come a chance for the revival of the Conservative party which, since its foundation, has always at least professed greater devotion to the British connection than its historic rival and has steadily combated isolationist doctrines.

(The author of this article, Mr. J. A. Stevenson, is Chief Canadian Correspondent of THE TIMES.)

SOCIAL CHANGES IN WAR-TIME BRITAIN

BY IVOR BROWN

THOSE who take the stern view of life are apt to say that peace softens and spoils a generation. Talk about the silken dalliance of peace is as old as Shakespeare and has never wholly disappeared. That is a shoddy enough argument for war, but it has the value of reminding us how easy certain things had become for the public with only a little money in its purse in the Great Britain of 1939. Travel, for example. In such a comparatively small country distance had been annihilated, not only by the aeroplane but by the ubiquitous motor-car and motor-bicycle which enabled all and sundry to be half-across England in half a day. Hills and the sea were at everyman's door. For those who had no private vehicle there was the popular motor-'bus which linked wellnigh every village in the country with the chain-store and the cinema of the market-town. Express trains became ever more rapid and luxurious and the 400-mile journey from Glasgow or Edinburgh to London had been reduced to six hours in an armchair and a dining-car.

Then, with the declaration of war, all that was over. Private flying vanished from the air. Petrol was so strictly rationed that many people decided to lay up their cars. Bus and train services were radically cut and speeds reduced. There was a rush to buy bicycles: there was even a scramble to drag out the discarded dog-cart and waggonette of Edwardian days and purchase a suitable harness-horse which would draw these veterans at the spanking rate of eight or ten miles an hour. In the New Forest region the county folk established a club of New Forest Cavaliers, who made a happy cult of the re-discovered horse and were proud to be seen handling the reins of an antique buggy with a sturdy cob to draw it.

So what occurred was the Return of Distance to British life. To the soaring, roaring 'planes of the R.A.F. above

distance meant less than ever : but on the ground it was itself again. In August the milestone, as old as the Roman soldier on the old-as-Roman roads, had been a meaningless article, a mere relic. Even the small-car motorist flashed by one every ninety seconds. He scarcely regarded these venerable mementoes of the ancient traveller's hard labour. But now, with war declared, they began to mean very much indeed to the wayfarer who urged a flagging horse or pedalled wearily away on his bicycle, like Mr. Hoopdriver and other H. G. Wellsian heroes of the eighteen-nineties. To the pedestrian a milestone is an even larger matter. If people went by train, they found two trains a day instead of six or eight and a two hours' journey prolonged to four or five—with no refreshment car. The railways had more important things to shift than ordinary civilian passengers and such a one had to count himself lucky to get moved at all.

True, things improved. Extra rations of petrol for people who could prove commercial and professional necessity before long restored some traffic to the road and, after the first stresses of mobilizing men, munitions, and industry, the railways had a little increase of service and speed and improved their running schedules. But, on the whole, there was once more a sense of distance and of isolation in a country which had almost wholly lost it. Inconvenient as this might occasionally be, it had its compensations. The village life, which had been so much destroyed by the habit of going by bus to the country town for all shopping and pleasuring, began to renew itself, and the number of evacuees from the big towns who were now packing the hamlets made all the more urgent the task of restoring common activities and making the village a vital unit once again.

The war did not come without warning and most townpeople, who had sufficient means, had already provided themselves with a country cottage. The week-ending habit had created that tendency to a double life some time before Hitler began to make those shrill announcements about the final exhaustion of the German patience. But the war-menace and the fear of immense and immediate air-raids, a fear natural, general, and obviously held by the Government itself (since it made such elaborate

evacuation plans for its own administrative Departments as well as for the children) stimulated the townsman's eagerness to have a roof of sorts somewhere out of the city areas. Consequently an enormous dispersion took place, especially as regards wives and children. In the suburb of Hampstead, for example, a great favourite with London families owing to its high and airy situation, it was estimated that at least a third of the population left in September, 1939, that is 30,000 out of 90,000, and those mostly the wealthier members of the community. Such mass-movements played havoc with the fortunes of the local shop-keepers (not all the fugitives paid up in full before leaving) and created considerable confusion in borough finance, already embarrassed by the necessity of providing for Air Raid Protection. Landlords found it extremely difficult to collect rents, while the taxation on their property rose to staggering heights.

The social effects of the great dispersion from the towns were in many ways curious. There was the case of the big country houses, the Stately Homes of England, with their ample architecture in the Palladian style, built for an age of semi-servile labour when housemaids and kitchen-maids and gardeners and grooms were to be had for a pittance and taxation had scarcely begun to exist. Shattering indeed were the imposts of the new war, with the income-tax up to 7s. and soon to be 7s. 6d. in the pound and with the sur-tax on the largest incomes rising to the sum of 17s. in the pound on their upmost levels! Surely the country gentleman, who had been a long time sinking in these heavy financial seas, would now be finally submerged. But, for the time being, the war helped quite a number of these owners of huge or derelict rural properties. The White Elephant could be harnessed to the service of Commerce, Education, or the State.

The banks, insurance companies, and other big firms which had moved out of London took many of these mansions over as temporary premises. The metropolitan schools were only too glad to occupy others and the great dining-rooms, where the eighteenth-century gentlemen had dined and swilled and slept over their port, were suddenly transformed into class-rooms echoing with English history or French verbs, or offices clattering

with typewriters and conducting the finances of the nation. Thus many business people, accustomed to daily journeys in a crowded train to and from a drab City office, suddenly found themselves resident in some Horseback Hall, whose owner had been rescued from near-bankruptcy and was enjoying the surprise of his life by obtaining a tenant for a mansion long deemed unsaleable. Most amusing of all was the case of the big Labour organizations, Trade Union executives and so forth, who found themselves ensconced in the parks and paddocks and palaces of the Idle Rich and transacting the business of boiler-makers or steel-puddlers amid the family portraits, the stags'-heads, and the massive, glittering chandeliers of some ancestral mansion.

Some maintain that the big businesses of London and other great cities, having discovered that they can maintain their commerce without paying huge rents for large metropolitan offices, will, after the war, continue to reside in the quarters of the country gentlemen and keep up only a small office in the City for purposes of contact and communication. This, I think, is unlikely to happen. In most cases the rusticated staff have had enough of country life (they struck a particularly hard winter for their new experience) and would far prefer return towards the suburb and the City and the daily business train to prolonged existence in an isolation which, to the natural town-dweller, is only glorious in summer-time and not always then. One thing that war-time experience proved was the incompatibility of the urban and rural types and ways of living. A minority of the town-workers may have enjoyed the change, with its great chances of cheap exercise and fresh air, but most missed the old surroundings. There are many now to whom the press and show of a crowded shopping street have become the warmth and light of life itself. The effect of radio may be to break the isolations of a country existence, but to be any distance from a cinema is now intolerable to many urban people.

Then there were the new-style cottagers, the families who stayed in the country while the father went up to town either for the day or for five days a week, 'pigging it' in one room of his old town-house or flat or taking a room at his club or at an

hotel. He would return from his desk at the office on Friday night or Saturday morning and hurl himself into pastoral activities. These new-made rustics naturally took seriously the Government's behest to raise more food. There is no zealot like a recruit. They achieved prodigies of digging not only in their gardens, but in patches of waste or unbroken land, thus discovering that the good earth, about which poets and ballad-singers are apt to be so voluble, is in its natural state a not-so-good compound made up of roots as thick as ropes, of weeds as tough as steel cords, and of stones, flints, and other unfruitful objects. Still, it was grand exercise and was much enjoyed—for a while. Napoleon sneered at the English as a nation of shop-keepers. Hitler, like the Kaiser a quarter of a century ago, created instead a race of spade-wielders. Was it not officially given out that the battles of 1940 would owe far more to the cabbage-patch than to the playing-fields of Eton?

None took to these agricultural exercises more eagerly than the intellectuals. Their cottage-gardens, which had once echoed with the week-end talk of —isms and ideologies, now resounded with a more literal spade-work and the cries of livestock. To keep poultry and even pigs was not only a source of petty profit, but a matter of public duty. When, at the end of January, one of London's publishers gallantly gave perhaps the winter's only big party of this kind and entertained hundreds of politicians, publicists, authors, professors, critics and the like under one roof of revelry, the conversation of the myriad groups seemed to run far more upon the output of eggs than on the output of novels. The rival virtues of geese and turkeys, of Small White Pigs and of Large Black, were more eagerly canvassed than those of recent books and authors, films, poetry, and painting. This might be a mid-week gathering of the Great Minds in town, but in fact it more closely resembled the Cottar's Saturday Night. Those with some experience of literary jamborees would probably decide that the change of topic was all for the better.

Such conditions of living have inevitably made for increased informality in dress. Evening-dress almost disappeared from the London scene. At such occasions as theatrical first-nights morning clothes were almost universal and at the aforementioned

publisher's party, where the invitation had definitely suggested any and every variety of attire, there were scarcely any 'stiff shirts' and a great many varieties of what might be called 'drinking tweeds': the women displayed every kind of 'semi', but very little in the way of 'full fig.' (It was a ruinous winter for dress-makers and milliners and many such small businesses had to close). In day time women took largely to the wearing of trousers for general use and not specifically for war-work or open-air occupations. In shopping streets in the suburbs one saw a morning flow of housewives in 'slacks' with scarves tied round their heads instead of hats, the hat being a form of garment which seems to be increasingly discarded by both sexes. Footwear became much sturdier and the hard and snowy weather of the winter evoked a strange assortment, not only of serviceable goloshes and gum-boots, but of long wool-lined boots that would have been coveted by the Esquimaux. The London women, thus scarved at the top and trousered and booted below, began to look like some creature of the Polar regions, leaving her igloo in the snow. Which, indeed, in the unusually bitter times of winter and spring too, she virtually was.

The last war saw a great broadening of moral standards. This one started with those standards so elastic that no further expansion was needed or possible. One noticed rather more drunkenness in the streets—public drunkenness had been reduced almost to nothing before the war—and the clergy became alarmed here and there about the goings-on near the big camps and garrisons. But nobody took much notice, trusting the new army, male and female, to look after its own business and temper its pleasure with common-sense. There was a pleasant level-headedness in evidence everywhere, and those who remember the spy-mania and absurd rumour-mongering of the last war could congratulate themselves that the British could this time become martial without becoming neurotic or even down-right mad. The fact that during the winter the war was largely in suspense, except at sea, allowed people to settle down to it without panic or hysteria. The rationing of food, when it came, was of so mild a form and had so many exceptions and loopholes, that it provided little more nuisance than that involved in handling the coupons. There was no need for the under-

nourishment which saps mental as well as bodily health and nervous fibre.

Entertainment was, for a while, somewhat demoralized. After the theatres had been permitted to re-open the taste moved away from 'straight' and serious plays to revues, some of which were really pretty and witty and worthy of adult attention, and also to musical shows with a good deal of feminine display and no other claim to patronage whatsoever. One interesting feature of theatrical life was the restoration of the provincial stage as a scene of visitation by the London plays and players. These theatres were the first to re-open and the leading actors, foreseeing no London season that autumn, went out on tour with their London productions. Where there were 'star' casts the receptions were excellent. The country thus enjoyed a better spread of dramatic art than it had had for some time and the London players were profitably employed and prudently reminded that the drama is not just a West End embellishment, but a national possession.

The publishers had to fight rising costs of production and some decided to increase the price of books by about ten per cent., which involved them in a rather bitter dispute with the lending libraries. Paper-covered sixpenny books became more popular than ever, but a modest increase seemed inevitable there too. These handy and cheap little reprints (and sometimes new books as well) cut heavily into the magazine market and several of the once prosperous leaders in that once popular kind disappeared. It was a pity, because the magazines, offering new features by favourite authors, brought a kind of novelty and surprise to their patrons every month. What sort of story would so-and-so give us this time? It was a survival of Victorian family life.

Moreover, the magazines were great schools of authorship, for the short story is a most difficult and exacting medium and demands a verbal economy and a neatness of constructive skill which the novel need not possess. One would have thought that war-tasks, with their tedious waiting and 'broken time' in Ambulance and Fire Brigade and A.R.P. Posts, would have stimulated the magazine-trade and the taste for short stories which would fill an odd ten minutes. But it did not work out like that. Readers welcomed long books, some of a kind which

offered refuge from, and not more light upon, the problems of the day, others informative and statistical and bearing on the war. The 'Blue Book' or Government Publication is usually regarded as unreadable, a synonym for dull formality. Yet some of these issues became 'best sellers' and went far beyond the educational or official shelf, penetrating to thousands of homes. Such were the French and British records of the despatches and events which preceded the outbreak of war. The British Book soon achieved a sale of half-a-million and translations of it into foreign languages also proved extremely popular.

The call to economize, enforced by taxation which made economy unavoidable, cut hard at the luxury trades. The French growers and merchants of champagne begged for a statement from the British Government that it was not unpatriotic to purchase the staple products of the country so closely allied. Many asked for a definition of 'luxury', but nobody was rash enough to attempt an answer. There was much uncertainty among British citizens as to their immediate financial duty. To cut off every species of expenditure, except that on absolute necessities, would only ruin more tradesmen. Most tacitly agreed on some sort of compromise. They spent less in order to pay the increased taxes and to lend to the Government when that was done, but they also, especially if they were in business themselves, resolved that business must go on and knew that it could not do so if nobody ever went shopping.

How difficult it is to practise economy without tears was shown when the Head Master of Eton suggested that the parents of gilded youth (now rather less golden) should buy them cheaper clothes in London instead of supporting the more expensive local shops. This idea of imported reach-me-downs for the young rich immediately raised the angry protests of the Eton tailors.

Accordingly, during the first months of a war which had provided so many surprises a puzzled but patient Britain spent some of its time in reflection on the art of spending wisely. People were, in fact, faced with a problem not wholly soluble, namely, how to prevent one man's saving from being another man's starvation.

TIME TO KILL

BY H. E. BATES

HE inquired at the station if they knew anyone named Edwards, but at first they did not know. Then a second porter came and stood thoughtfully looking up the empty single track, where the bright spring evening sun flashed on the metals and on the slanting sallow-trees that broke with grey and silver the bare monotony of the cutting beyond the coal-yards.

"Y' see, there's so many folks name Edwards."

"Yes, I know that."

"Same all round. At Hardwick it's nothing but Baxters. Over at Stanford they're all Drages or Bowens. Here it's all Edwardses."

Hanson began to wish he hadn't come.

"But wait a minute," he said. "You might know them if I tell you who the woman was before she was married. Her name was Claridge."

"Ah well," the porter said. "Well. Now I know who you mean. Now I know. You mean Clem Edwards. Got a milk-round. Comes round in a three-wheeler. That's who you mean."

"Where do they live?" Hanson said. "I haven't got much time."

"Well, without you go across fields it's a dinkin long way round. Place called Ash Trees. It's no naughty walk if you go round by road."

"Which way do I go by field?"

The porter began to tell him the field way, pointing an arm over the tracks. Hanson turned to look and felt the north-east wind slice his face from across the low flat land, cutting away the thin warmth of the sun. When the porter had finished Hanson said "Does that give me time to get back for the 7.47?"

"Just about," the porter said. "Only it's 7.53 now. Been altered."

"Thanks," Hanson said. "Thank you very much."

He walked away up the platform and over the iron footbridge and took the gravel path that went beyond the coal-yards and the last few houses of the town. The March sunlight was sharp and low on the level fields, making the young wind-pressed shoots of corn gleam like wire. In the naked ash trees that broke the lines of the hedges thrushes were singing high up against the sun, wild and clear in the bright wind. When he looked ahead Hanson could see the path quite clearly marked out, clay-brown in the young wheat, brighter green in the pasture.

He walked about a mile and a half before coming within sight of the house. A little distance off he stopped and looked at it. It was a small farm, a square, flat-windowed house of light red brick with a roof of blue slate that somebody had once left like a forgotten box on the flat land. He could see no ash-trees, but above and beyond the outhouses and the wire fences a group of high black poplars were swinging heavily to and fro in the wind.

Coming into the farm-yard he saw a man standing under a cart-shed, watching him. He held a spanner in his hand. He was small, with the high sharp cheek-bones of the district, rounded shoulders, and steady hostile eyes.

"Want somebody?"

"Yes," Hanson said. "Can I see Mrs. Edwards?"

"You can go and try."

He stood weighing the spanner in his hand, hostile, intent, slightly puzzled.

"If it's got anything to do wi' insurance we don't want none."

"That's all right," Hanson said. "It's not that."

He walked on across the yard towards the house, uneasy, aware of the man still watching him. About the dry earth hens' feathers were being bounced by the wind among the many dark claret poplar catkins that had fallen from the trees.

Round the corner of the house, out of sight of the figure watching him, he knocked at the back door and waited. The

voices of children crying in a room upstairs broke for a moment and then began again and in the short interval of silence he heard the beat of footsteps.

The face of the young woman who opened the door was not quite what he had expected. She stood shocked too, her dark bleak eyes beaten dead by the moment of astonishment. She stood looking at him with brief, inert silence, and then suddenly she came to herself and began to pull her stained torn pinafore over her head, ruffling her black short hair and then smoothing it, almost beating it down with her small narrow hands.

"Arthur," she said. "Arthur, whatever made you come up here?"

"I had some time to kill at the junction," he said. "I thought I'd just have time to come up on the branch. Just to see you."

She did not speak.

"You didn't answer my Christmas card," he said. "You didn't send one this year."

"No."

"I wondered if you were all right."

"I'm all right," she said. Unconsciously, in perplexity, she had screwed up the pinafore like a bundle of rag. "You'd better come in, hadn't you?"

She stood back from the door, which had dropped on its hinges and would not open any further. He went into the kitchen. A cold sour odour of milk, a stale breath of boiled onions, met him. Milk pans, waiting to be scoured, stood about the brick floor of the kitchen and the small dairy place leading off from it. Beyond, in the living room, tea was partly laid on a deal table. Thick slices of white bread were waiting to be toasted on the hearth, where socks and napkins were drying on a line below the mantelshelf. More clothes were hanging diagonally across the lamp-darkened ceiling, by the staircase door. The wind rattled the window on the east side.

She asked him to sit down. She had dropped her pinafore in the kitchen and now stood with empty hands. If there was some slight hostility in the way she kept standing it was unconscious and he did not notice it. He looked hastily round the room, taking in the details, and saw through the windows

the edges of the great poplars beating against the sky. A moment later he looked back at her and suddenly saw her, uneasy, untidy, taken unawares, as the remnant of the girl he had decided not to marry, for some trivial reason, six years before.

A child began crying upstairs before either of them could speak.

"Is it two children you've got?" he said, knowing it quite well.

"Two," she said.

The child cried loudly. Outside, the cries seemed to be reproduced in the short hollow sounds of a spanner beating on metal.

"There's nothing wrong, is there?" he said. The crying of the child had on him an effect of nervous distraction.

"It's earache," she said. "I'd better go up. Take your coat off." She looked at him with unhappy, disturbed eyes. "You'll have a cup of tea when I come down again?"

"Only if it's ready," he said. "Don't make it specially."

"It's our tea-time now," she said, in a dead voice.

When she had gone upstairs he sat staring at the tea-table without having taken off his coat. He tried to remember what things had been like six or seven years before, but the details were at first dead and would not revive in the oppressive ugly little room. Only the girl herself at once came back, involuntarily recalled in sudden, time-sharpened images. In those days they had both lived in the town. She was a school-teacher and belonged to one of those large, boisterous, clannish families who always stick and die together. There were five sisters and two brothers, all dark and rather self-willed, the girls very pretty, with small, proud faces. Several times a year the Claridges managed to find an excuse for a party, a coming-of-age, a wedding, New Year, in the big draughty local drill-hall. It was at one of these parties that Hanson attending as the local reporter, had met Kitty Claridge. He remembered what a bright, impulsive, argumentative creature she had been: how she had argued with him all that evening, with militant smiles of triumph, on the merits of some writer whose name he had long ago forgotten, how every dance had been an exhausting,

fascinating affair of beauty and conflict. After that they could never see enough of each other. On summer evenings, when there was little doing on the local paper, they would hire a boat and go on the river and float downstream between the willow-trees to villages beyond the town, and in time the peace of the evening would be broken by the question of his going away and working on a larger paper. It gradually became apparent that she had no ambition to live anywhere but in the small, branch-line town, with the one tired newspaper, the flat countryside parched to concrete by the spring sea-winds, and the little river with the waving willow-trees ; it seemed that all she wanted was to remain, even after marriage, part of the large, proud, boisterous family, as if there were no other life and she would get all the emotion and excitement and beauty she needed in their way and not his.

The end of it was that they had broken up on some such point as this, quite trivial in itself, but really part of the larger question of his also marrying the family, which at heart he disliked intensely. He remembered that the Claridges were very affronted at the affair, and never spoke to his own family again. Shortly afterwards he got another job and gladly moved out of the circle of small-town family hatred. But with Kitty it was different. They had kept up a correspondence which after a time had dwindled down to a Christmas card : but he knew all the same that the correspondence of the mind, with its half-captured passages of warm, regretful thought, had gone on.

She had been married four or five years now. He did not know how it had come about. At the back of his mind lay the uneasy thought, dropped there by something he had heard, that the family no longer had anything to do with her. For some reason the boisterous, proud loyalty had been broken.

He was once more beginning to wonder about the oppressive little room, the isolated farm with the sea-winds striking at the poplars, and the man with the spanner outside, when she herself came downstairs again.

He was unaware of it until that moment, but the crying of the child had already ceased. For one moment the window ceased rattling, and he stood up, looking at her in the sudden

silence. He wanted to say something to her : about the child, the weather, to tell her that she was not to make tea for him specially. But for some time he did not say anything, and she came over to the fireplace and began mechanically to remove the drying clothes, folding them and pressing them into a small heap with her hands.

"Don't move them for me," he said.

"No ? "

In this one word it seemed to him that he heard the indirect echo of antagonism, but when he looked up at her, quite sharply, there was nothing on her face but the same look of bleak surprise. She was rather thin and he saw that she found it difficult to keep her eyes quite still. They were weak and dark with nervous pain.

After the clothes were folded she went away for a moment, into the kitchen, coming back with empty hands. She came to the fire for the kettle, to make tea, her dark head bent down. Abruptly the window rattled like a machine-gun,

"I had an idea your husband was a mechanic," he said. "How did you come up here ? "

"His chest was weak."

She set the metal tea-pot in the hearth, afterwards turning away to the table. He looked after her and suddenly saw her come momentarily to life, setting the things on the table straight, moving cups, smoothing the cloth, her pride rising.

"The doctor ordered it. There was this little milk-round, so we took it—until something better turns up. We're not stopping here." She turned round and spoke for a moment with defensive pride, holding up her head. "It's only something temporary. We shan't stop another winter."

Behind the pride he could detect the fear of it all in her voice ; she seemed to know this and all of a sudden said something in a hurried whisper and then went out. He heard the outer door grating against the bricks as she tugged it open and afterwards, above the wind, he thought he heard her calling.

After two or three minutes she came back. Her hair was ragged from the wind, and in her hands she was clasping a bunch of coloured primroses, washed-blue and pink and red,

tangled with scraps of leaf and grass, that she had hastily snatched up from somewhere. She put them into a cup of water which she set in the centre of the table, her face turned away from him as she did so.

And for a minute it was painful for him to look at her. He saw in the bland, soft glowing flowers the inexpressible recollection of other things. He again wanted to say something to her, but it was no use. He hated suddenly the flat drabness of the little room thrown into relief by the small glowing centrepiece of flowers. He was driven to hatred of the drying clothes under the ceiling, the rattling window, the sour smell of milk, the slight whimpering of the child which had again begun overhead.

He was saved from expressing or hiding what he felt by the noise of someone entering the kitchen, and a minute later the man with the spanner came into the living-room. He changed the spanner from one oil-greased hand to another as the woman spoke. "This is my husband—Mr. Hanson," she said.

"You're the paper bloke," the man said.

"That's me."

"You want tell 'em to write some sense in some o' the papers."

"Yes?"

"Yeh, you do an' all!"

He wiped his oily palms on the flanks of his trousers and sat down at the table.

"Will you sit here?" she said to Hanson, and he sat down too. He heard the husband give a short laugh as he cut himself a lump of cheese, leaving on the wedge the greenish imprint of a finger.

"Flower show early, ain't it?" He pointed the cheese at the cup of primroses, ironically. "Well, well. Very nice. Very nice."

As she poured out tea the woman gave no sign. Upstairs the short whimpered cries of the child became fused into a single unbroken cry, and the father lifted his head.

"What's up wi' Jean?"

"Earache again."

"Then why the bleedin' hell don't you fetch her down?"

He ceased gnawing at the cheese with small chimbling bites like those of a rat. "Sittin' here jawin' and lettin' the kid bawl."

"I'll fetch her," she said.

"You neent bother!" he said. "I'll fetch her meself. I'll fetch her."

He went with a show of temper out of the room, and she stood for a moment in silence, looking painfully down at her hands, not able to speak.

"I think I'll go," Hanson said.

"I —"

Her words would not come, and she made instead a brief, stupefied gesture towards the cups and the food. Before he could reply he could hear footsteps on the stairs, and then for a second her voice came to life. "Don't take too much notice. He's not strong. It's because he's not really well. He can't hold his temper. It's just when strangers come."

Hanson could not speak.

"It's nothing. I get used to it, I get used to it," she said.

A second later the man came in with the child, a girl of three, in his arms. At the sight of a stranger the child turned away her puffed tear-damp face. The man brought her to the table, holding her on his knee, talking to her in a new, wheedling, tender voice, pouring out tea for her in a saucer and then sopping into it lumps of broken cake. "Make old ear better, won't it? Dad make old ear better?"

In the few minutes before Hanson got up to go the father continued to hold the child apart, in a kind of alliance with himself against the mother and even, Hanson thought, against him. During all this time the child did not speak. In the silences the window broke into the renewed chattering of a machine-gun, and sometimes the echo of the sea itself could be heard in the mournful beating of the poplars.

"If I'm to get that train," Hanson said, "I ought to go."

He got up from the table, saying good-bye to the child, who did not answer. Without holding out his hand, he said good afternoon to the father, who grunted in answer something about getting the newspapers to write the truth about things. They were at the root, he said, of everything, damn near every-

thing. One way or another you could trace it all to the newspapers.

Hanson said a final good afternoon and went into the kitchen and so outside, the woman going with him. In the strong March wind her hair was flung torturously about her cold face. For a moment she stood gazing at the earth and then said "I'll walk as far as the gate with you," and they walked together across the wind-dried yard with its storm-driven litter of feathers and straw and golden-claret catkins. All the time it appeared to him as if she were about to stop and say something. She wanted perhaps to express regret for things : or she wanted to get off her mind some oppressive, tortured explanation.

Whatever she wanted to say was never spoken. She halted by the gate in the wire fence and said good-bye, holding out her hand. The wind had beaten her hair unmercifully, giving her face a wild, bloodless look. He searched it in vain for a sign of pride or vivacity, but the eyes that were lifted up to him were quite dark and cold, and strangely repressed, as if they had got into the habit of not looking far.

After walking away at last he turned and looked back. She was walking back to the house, pressing her body against the wind and at the same time gazing down at the earth. He halted a moment in the hope that she would turn round, but nothing happened and he went on.

When he turned again she had disappeared altogether and nothing moved against the dead little house except the high sunless poplars beaten by the sea-wind.

ROBERT FROST

A Prophet in his own Country

BY RICHARD CHURCH

SOME twenty-five miles from London stands a beech-tree. It is a vast creature, with its man-flesh twisted and gnarled into all sorts of gargoyle-like shapes. It has a personality ; powerful, assertive, yet secretive. Its huge back, if a tree can be said to have a back, is turned to the road, and it looks down along the bottom of the southward sloping wood of which it is the outpost. It has a political purpose, for it marks the boundary between Surrey and Kent.

But it has a greater history than that. Round its gouty roots winds a foot-path, leading from the road under the wood and along the open country to the left. This old giant is a sort of grumpy concierge guarding the privileges of that footpath. Most people would pass it by. But a few, with associations and a reverence for the past, would stop, and raise a hat, before passing on down the road to the gate where they will meet a view of forty miles across and along the Weald.

For that path leads to a house called *The Cerne*. Some people, reading this article and coming to this name, will at once know what *I* am leading to. They will know that house as Mohammedans know Mecca. It was the home of Edward Garnett, his wife Constance, and his son David. Two of them are still living, and famous figures in contemporary literature, so I cannot say more about them, except to point out that David Garnett has written a marvellous semi-fiction about that house and its garden hanging under the shadow of the hill and the wood. He is an infrequent writer ; but he is possessed of that distillation of personality which we call genius.

It is a fitting thing that he should be the son of Edward Garnett, the man who built *The Cerne* and made it a place of

pilgrimage for writers and aspirants over a period of more than thirty years. During that time the little footpath leading through the wood was trodden by many feet destined later to tread the narrower path of fame. And it was Edward Garnett who guided them from the first path to the second. And all of them must have passed the old beech-tree. (If you go there now, you won't find it, for a blast of lightning struck it and consumed it soon after Edward Garnett's death. That too, seems appropriate.) Some of the survivors of that traffic should be approached, and asked to make a contribution toward an anthology commemorating *The Cerne*. Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, Ford Maddox Ford, W. H. Hudson, Henry Brian Binns, E. V. Lucas, Edward Thomas, John Galsworthy would not be able to respond. But there are a few survivors still; amongst them, W. H. Davies, de la Mare, and Robert Frost.

I have already written here about two of those survivors. I want now to say something about Robert Frost and his work. I will begin by saying that I am tempted to look upon him as a major poet. A major poet is one who brings into a language and its poetry a new element of thought and experience, and a new twist of phraseology. He puts a thumb-mark upon his verse. Just as you recognize immediately a house by Adam, or a sonata by Beethoven, so you recognize a poem by a major poet. It doesn't need to be signed. You can tell by the way it walks who it is. You can recognize Robert Frost's poetry in that way.

But Edward Garnett was the first thus to recognize it. Robert Frost came as a young man in the early years of the present century to Europe. He left his home in New England, a "plain New Hampshire farmer" as he describes himself, a prophet in his own country; ignored and unknown. Perhaps pique and despair drove him to this excursion, though I cannot imagine so serene a spirit being so self-indulgent. Whatever the origin of that impulse, it proved to be one of those calls of pre-destiny which seem to summon all creative men.

He came to England, was drawn into the magnetic circle of Edward Garnett, and did not leave it until he returned to America soon after the outbreak of the last war (which I heard

referred to the other day, by a young one-pip lieutenant as 'that insignificant war'). He returned to find himself famous in his native land. That is no small achievement. It is reminiscent, in a lighter vein, of the career of Dante, who wandered in exile round the periphery of Florence while his reputation steadily grew in that forbidden birthplace. Certainly Frost's reputation was a reflection from that which had already been made in England; and made by the championing of Edward Garnett. For it seems that a poet needs an influential advocate as well as a sound achievement of good work, before he is recognized.

The advocacy was particularly valuable to this poet, because his work is of a nature to grow slowly, and to win adherents slowly. He had something new to say, or rather to sing: and the scales on which he made his music were oddly subtle. He composed in quarter tones, suiting his music to his moods and his ideas, experiences of microscopic graduation that needed a new technique to measure them. The influence was new to English poetry, and it is still felt. One aspect of it, for example, affects the verse of our contemporary Andrew Young, a writer whose delicacy of vision and expression is tributary to the same quality in the poetry of Robert Frost.

What is this new element which Frost has brought? It is difficult to define, because it is a quality of the man, of his whole personality and outlook on life. It is also something which is *local*, belonging to the people, the stock from which he springs. It is a characteristic of New England Puritanism, and its source may thus be traced back a long way until we find it originating in the Home Country, amongst the Quakers and Wesleyans of the eighteenth century. It is a complicated element (if that is not a contradiction in terms). It is a combination of quietism, piety with its underlying enthusiasm, suspicion of this world and especially of the world of man, self-restraint with its ever-imminent abandonment, humility with its threat of arrogance. There is a negativeness about these forces. They have a sort of dove-grey colour, like the cloak of a Quakeress. But how restful that colour is, how tender, how evocative of the latent beauty of all other hues with which it comes into contact! They represent a whole period of English history.

It is that period which included the break away of the American branch, and established a community in New England more emphatic of the same power than the trunk from which it sprang.

Many sociologists to-day believe that this quality of quietism, of exerting authority by means of understatement, is doomed to extinction before the flood of barbaric noise brought in by the machine, the radio, and the dictator. I don't believe it. The United States, which is supposed to be the pioneer of latter-day hustle and go-getting, is saturated in this spirit of allusiveness, of understatement, of quiet emphasis. Examine the pages of the *New Yorker*, that hard-boiled humorous journal, and you will find that its technique has much in common with that which Robert Frost accentuated in English poetry thirty-five years ago. It is a native technique; that of the laconic Yankee. And it originated in England, latent from the days of Chaucer, recognized and organized from the days of great Protestant writers at the end of the seventeenth century. Robert Frost is thus a spokesman of his own people. He is probably more representative an American than Walt Whitman. That is why his fame has not been a temporary one. His work needed only to be pointed out to the self-distrustful Americans, and they at once recognized it as something near home, something expressing their own habits, their own point of view, their own reaction to the society which they were still building, and the wild nature which they were still only beginning to subdue and to appreciate.

We all need to get things outside ourselves before we can see them and appreciate them. Robert Frost thus did his people as well as himself a service by leaving home and settling for a decade in Europe. Further, the scenery and the folk of England stirred something ancestral in him, waking his instincts to a fuller consciousness. He strengthened those instincts by means of a fine detachment, which enabled him to objectify the material from which his verse was made, and to give the result a universality without spoiling its local flavour. As he says,

Anything I can say about New Hampshire
Will serve almost as well about Vermont,

and equally as well about old Hampshire in England, and of the most conservative inhabitant thereof. Will not that native of the Old World recognize, for example, the poet's expression

in the following lyric of that perennial grudge which we all feel against the summer because of what it has snatched from spring ?

These pools that, though in forests, still reflect
The total sky almost without defect,
And like the flowers beside them, chill and shiver,
Will like the flowers beside them soon be gone,
And yet not out by any brook or river,
But up by roots to bring dark foliage on.
The trees that have it in their pent-up buds
To darken nature and be summer woods—
Let them think twice before they use their powers
To blot out and drink up and sweep away
These flowery waters and these watery flowers
From snow that melted only yesterday.

That may be only a fanciful piece, but it is characteristic of the man in his maturity, with his moods given a universal value and simplicity.

The simplicity is the quality which most marks him. He has practised it until he can make it convey the most subtle ideas and emotions. Such a practice should be the main preoccupation of a poet. It is the one which made Wordsworth great. When he was rhetorical and ornamental he was a tasteless bore. Frost is even more single than Wordsworth in this pursuit of simplicity. It is another aspect of his inherited puritanism, and the other outstanding feature of his work, its marvellous utilization of the laconic, is only another development of this same quality. And the discipline necessary for the constant refining down of a poetic nature to this purpose has added something else to that nature ; a gift of humour ; a humour wry, dry, sharp, but an eager participant in the process of unifying a personality.

That personality I have always found very much to my liking. There is no other poet to whom he can be compared. Even his English disciple Edward Thomas, to whom I shall refer again in a moment, is different. Frost seems, for one thing, always to choose the disappearances of human life and of wild nature as symbols to fit his moods. His is the genius of shyness, and its abbreviated gestures may be overlooked by the reader who expects to find the fine exaggerations so common to poetry. You have to watch for the flicker of an eyelid, and even then it may not come. That failure would be intentional,

and you would discover afterwards the meaning of it, and chuckle to yourself with satisfaction, and a deep gratitude toward that deliberately half-articulated wisdom. As for this poet's music, that too has an intentional flatness and whimsicality, like the whirr of the night-jar, that sound which can make the common, neglected spots become magical with a sort of drab expectancy.

It is often useful, but probably restrictive, to quote from a poet passages which seem to sum up his character and his method. Every original character has such moments of self-betrayal. Here are two such revealing passages.

By June our brook's run out of song and speed.
Sought for much after that, it will be found
Either to have gone groping underground
(And taken with it all the Hyla breed
That shouted in the mist a month ago,
Like ghosts of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)—
Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed,
Weak foliage that is blown upon a bent
Even against the way its waters went.
Its bed is left a faded paper sheet
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat—
A brook to none but who remember long.
This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken elsewhere in song.
We love the things we love for what they are.

This brook that just dries up and is lost, is typical of the people, places and moods that attract Robert Frost; something gone, but still here: something that perhaps may never have been, yet probably must have been. These powerful and life-veering intangibilities, and the clouds of beauty trailing after them, constitute the interests of this poet's life. Yet with these quaint interests runs a shrewd sense of reality; a sly, farmer-like wisdom, thrown out in asides and hints, full of knowing-kindness and ancient malice. Shrunk, crabbed human nature, toughened by contact with earth, is good enough for Mr. Frost, and he sings of it in a strange, yet half-familiar strain,

. . . a singer everyone has heard,
Loud, a mid-summer and a midwood bird,
Who makes the solid tree-trunks sound again.
He says that leaves are old and that for flowers
Midsummer is to spring as one to ten.
He says the early petal-fall is past
When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers

On sunny days a moment overcast ;
 And comes that other fall we name the fall.
 He says the highway dust is over all.
 The bird would cease and be as other birds
 But that he knows in singing not to sing.
 The question that he frames in all but words
 Is what to make of a diminished thing.

Those last three lines are an explanation of this poet's technique, that seeks out awkwardnesses and makes music from them ; a queer sort of music, like that of a hidden waterfall in a wood, which strikes into the deeps of a man's nature.

You see, too, the laughter which is lurking in this poet's work. It is a serious laughter, folded over tenderness and love, ringing through his poems, toning down the high lights, lifting up the shadows, and intensifying that laconic monotone, at first strange to the ear, which becomes dearer and more entrancing by familiarity. And with this laughter, there trembles a note of passion, and deep understanding of the conflict of mind with heart, of man with woman, of humanity with the forces of life and death. This laughter is a savour through all his work, sometimes laconic and satirical, thrown in at the last with a sort of over-shoulder word, sometimes breaking through even the lyrical mood (one traditionally lacking in humour).

The rain to the wind said
 ' You push and I'll pelt ' .
 They so smote the garden bed
 That the flowers actually knelt,
 And lay lodged—though not dead.
 I know how the flowers felt.

Laughter denotes detachment, and detachment denotes dramatic sense. Frost has that sense, and he uses it as Browning did in a collection of narrative poems, each of which deals with a tense situation that he solves with humour, but sardonic humour that delights in revealing the subtlety of false endings, inconclusive endings, irrelevancies ; devices which real life abounds in, but literature is shy of. But Frost loves such implicit criticism of human and natural affairs. Gathering up dead leaves in his autumn garden, he comments that they are

Next to nothing for use.
 But a crop is a crop,
 And who's to say where
 The harvest shall stop ?

That is his philosophy. Reject nothing ; but minimize it, in order to see it more roundly, and to locate it in its place in the chain of endless eventuality. So though his work is so quiet, it is not static. He pretends to step aside, as observer, from the universal mobility. But he also makes poetry out of that pretence. Indeed, it is the source of his laughter.

Such is the poet who came to England, unknown, and showed his work to Edward Garnett nearly forty years ago. Garnett at once realized the quality of it, and sponsored it. He introduced Frost to other writers, amongst them a sensitive young critic and country-writer, Edward Thomas, at that time a man almost broken by overwork. The friendship gave new life to Thomas. Under the stimulus of Frost's personality, he began to write verse, and continued to do so until he was killed on Vimy Ridge. The body of poetry Thomas has left is unique. It obviously owes something to the larger voice of Robert Frost, but it has its personal rhythm, and time is therefore treating it kindly.

I like to think of these two men meeting at *The Cerne*, and of the regeneration of an exhausted spirit taking place, perhaps, during a stroll through the wood out to the road. The American poet and the English would have stood for a few moments under that giant beech-tree where the path runs along the county border ; and Thomas would have been inspired by the other man's deep well of humility.

If, as they say, some dust⁺ thrown in my eyes
Will keep my talk from getting overwise,
I'm not the one for putting off the proof.
Let it be overwhelming, off a roof
And round a corner, blizzard snow for dust,
And blind me to a standstill if it must.

But it was Thomas who was to be handled thus. At least, he was the first. I suspect that Robert Frost is still awaiting that medicine. And that is why he remains alert, and still a poet with sudden and beautiful things to say.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MODERN war moves at dizzy speed. The British Navy silently and swiftly got in a surprise blow by their mining of the Norwegian coast ; Germany had already set in motion operations of such scope that within twenty-four hours the capitals of two neutral countries, Denmark and Norway, were in German hands.

**Neutral
Terror** There is no doubt of the moral effect—in a military sense—which will be produced by Germany's display of might ; it must strike terror into other neutrals, in all parts of the continent. Sweden, for the moment, has decided to take no hand in the protection of her closest neighbour. Holland made the same decision when Belgium was invaded, and the wisdom of Dutch statesmanship was justified—because the Allies won. If they win again, Sweden's aloofness will have the same justification. If they should not win—well, there is an end of the Europe we have known. But we may put that contingency out of sight : won, the war will be, by those who defend all that is of price in our civilization. Only, one thing stands clear. When the war is won, this continent of ours must be reorganized in such fashion that the duty of protecting Europe against organized rapine shall never again fall solely on the shoulders of two nations and of their oversea adherent states. Organization must be met and controlled by an organization, that shall express an impulse which goes down to the very roots of civilized human nature—an impulse which resists and defies the whole doctrine upon which German policy and action was based. It is well to turn back to the thoughts of one who in the last war was a protagonist of that resistance.

Clemenceau's *Discours de Guerre*, brought together in a volume several years after his death, make one realize how completely

the conflict of to-day is in essence the same that raged one generation ago. The same, yet intensified : Germany has become more arrogantly and aggressively German. "Yonder across the Rhine is a great and mighty nation, which has the right to exist, but has not the right to destroy in Europe every life independent of it." That claim to dominate was never made so clearly under the Kaiser as it is by Hitler and his spokesmen. Resistance to it is the same in principle, but in practice by no means so widespread. Clemenceau could write early in 1916 that German aggression met its opponents "on the banks of the Seine, of the Niemen, and of the Euphrates." Now two enemies, on one flank only, instead of a ring threatening from all quarters, mark a change greatly to Germany's advantage ; and laboriously the German seeks to avoid a war on two fronts. Yet the words that Clemenceau wrote then are true to-day :—

What governs all is the fatal certainty of defeat in which of necessity every enterprise must end that transgresses the conditions of human nature upon this earth of ours ; they will not tolerate either a man or a people made into a god (*ni homme, ni peuple divinisé*).

Germany to-day is deified as never under the old Reich ; its deity is incarnate in Adolf Hitler as never in William the Second. "If," Clemenceau wrote, "the existing combination of the Triple Entente had not come into being, the hour would have struck when others must rise up."

* * * * *

Various things are a satisfaction to chronicle. One is the plain speaking of General Sir Edmund Ironside who tells us bluntly that when the Munich crisis developed, we had no army at all. Now, he says, with equal plainness, Great Britain has an army—not merely numbers, but men trained and equipped. That is the pronouncement of a man whose experience of war has been as variegated as that of any living soldier, and whose presence at the Staff College when he commanded it was counted an inspiration by the *élite* of British captains and majors. This great new machine of war has been forged hurriedly but there has been time to forge it ; and evidently the General speaks as one who had expected to work again, as last time, haphazard in the stress of combat. It is a satisfaction also to find Mr. Chamberlain saying the same thing as General Ironside in words

**Plain
Speaking**

that suit the English appetite for colloquialisms : " Hitler missed the bus." We need not stop to enquire by whose fault Hitler had his chance to catch the bus (it is implied that he had it) ; I am content to be told by Mr. Chamberlain (speaking in the congenial atmosphere of Tory headquarters) that he is " ten times surer of winning the war " than when he began it. But above all it was good news to hear that Mr. Churchill, without leaving his direction of the Navy, becomes charged with the whole " co-ordination of defence "—and of attack. Lord Chatfield probably did invaluable work ; but when a democratic country is at war, the direction of military effort is a task for a parliamentarian who is something much more than a debater or tactician. Yet he must be these things also—as Lloyd George was in the earlier day. Mr. Churchill can perhaps equal him in debate ; for tactics, I should be less sure. But of these Mr. Chamberlain appears to be a master.

* * * * *

In this aspect, news from France is less encouraging : M. Reynaud's position was challenged. In this country naturally

opinion is in his favour ; I heard him speak, five years ago in London, and was impressed of course by his ability but still more by the ease of his contact with an English audience. Indeed I never saw another Frenchman so like the best type of Englishman ; and the *Koelnische Zeitung*, which does not like him, says that he is " hardly a Frenchman at all, more at home in Mexico and in the Far East than in any region of France : and by sympathies ' anglo-maniac ' ". " His policy will be still closer collaboration with England, and sticking fast to the end—even to the smashing of Germany into fragments." Well, English opinion will not be distressed by that ; and it will incline to hold that a man whose political attachments were on the Right, yet who insists on bringing half-a-dozen Socialists into his ministry, shows a feeling for the essence of national co-operation. But I remember that Clemenceau was once driven out of power and even out of public office on the charge of being too friendly with England.

That could scarcely happen now. All that we hear of English relations with France sounds like a fairy tale to those who remember the last war. I go back again to Clemenceau who in

1916 was writing a preface to a book of propaganda—"England's Contribution to the War." We are flinging everything into the furnace, he said, our goods, our flesh, all that our soil can breed: for the existence of our race is at stake, and we are determined not to die. But in this total sacrifice, everyone of us at certain moments 'commits the half crime of doubting whether his allies are equally determined and paying also to the full'. "When the rower fears that the man on the next thwart may slacken, he is not far from feeling that he has to pull the whole boat." Clemenceau went on then to combat this state of mind, and sketched first the silent power of the British navy. "But the English miracle is not there; it was not on the sea that it became manifest. For the first time in its thousand years of history the old island of the North has ceased to be an island and has incorporated itself with the continent . . ." Yet in 1916 the British armies were still, in the main, levies of volunteers—and were still jealously asserting their separateness of action. Now, France sees and responds to, quite different conditions. Late, it is true, but nevertheless before war was actually upon us, Great Britain had accepted for all its citizens the continental principle of universal service; recognizing that the issue at stake is no less than the freedom of that continent which claims leadership in civilization. When war came, Great Britain deliberately abandoned its claim to an independent policy in the field and accepted the unity of command under a French General in Chief. In face of these facts, it is no wonder that comradeship in arms takes on a new reality, and, instead of a grudging computation whether the other partner is pulling his full weight, becomes an honourable and friendly rivalry, to see which shall do best. Not all is wasted that was done and suffered in the last war.

* * * * *

On behalf of the FORTNIGHTLY, I offer congratulations to "*Le Flambeau*," a Belgian review which (if the comparison does not flatter ourselves too much) closely resembles this one in character and in purpose. Its origin is more recent, but more glorious than we can claim; for it began in dark and evil days, twenty-three years ago, printed and circulated secretly, at the hazard of all

Le
Flambeau

concerned, when Germany held Belgium down. With that record behind it, and with the names of two professors of the University of Brussels appearing on its cover as editors, it is not a little surprising to hear that the number which appeared at the beginning of March was suppressed; nor only that, but further publication was forbidden. Apparently the Government thought that the freedom of such commentary might make trouble for Belgium. But the Belgian public was of a very different opinion, and within ten days, faced with the protests of parliament and the press, M. Janson, *Ministre de la Justice*, had to make an abject withdrawal. Naturally enough the friends of "*Le Flambeau*" celebrated the occasion by a banquet, at which Professor Barzin, one of the editors, summed up the situation as he saw it.

"I approve the Government's policy of neutrality; it will be a great blessing for the country if it can avoid being dragged into the war. But we must not be gagged. I claim the right to say that I cannot place those countries which have armed themselves to oppress the weak nations on the same moral footing as those who have armed to liberate the oppressed. I claim the right to say that the fate of our country is bound up with the issue of this war. I claim the right to say that the introduction of totalitarian institutions into this country is irreconcilable with the conception which Belgians form of human dignity."

That it would appear represents the mind of Belgium. Of all the lesser countries Belgium suffered most in the last war; and of them all it shows at this moment the most courageous front—not without full knowledge that its courage may again be tried to the utmost. ./. .

* * * * *

It is perhaps late to write of Lord Tweedsmuir, whom like the mass of mankind and the multitude of his friends I must always think of as John Buchan. He played many parts and the last was that of representing royalty: to judge by Canada's manifestations on the news of his death, he had played it to admiration. More than any man I ever knew, he had the special talent for success and I never knew a man more unspoilt by it. In the craft of letters I do not think that he ever rated himself higher than a good workman with immense power of work and, no less, immense power of enjoyment. You never could separate his work from what he had enjoyed. But for his popularity he depended on a

**Buchan and
Pater**

faculty native to him ; he was a born devizer of stories. Whenever leisure came, there was always a romance in his head, ready to be written—and generally suggested by some of the contacts which had stimulated his interest. He was good at contacts. When we met first, he had followed me at Brasenose, ten years later, and I asked if he ever saw anything of Walter Pater—who in my day was simply a figure to be seen with curiosity in the quad or chapel. Buchan told me with glee how he and one of the dons (Chandler, afterwards bishop of Bloemfontein) had insisted on dragging Pater out, telling him that the young wanted to talk to him and profit by their chances ; and that Pater, so approached, had thawed and responded. That was a thing achieved by intelligent friendliness, and the will to a very proper end : a good example of the reasons for John Buchan's outstanding success.



BOOK TOKENS

“remove the one great drawback to giving books as presents.”—J. B. PRIESTLEY.

ALDOUS HUXLEY:—

“‘People who want a nice novel’ may find Book Tokens superfluous. But for a particular purpose, for anyone who has a studious friend to whom he would like to make a present they are an indispensable convenience.”

BOOK TOKENS are obtainable and exchangeable at most bookshops in the British Isles. Prices from 3/9



THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A CENTENARY—ALPHONSE DAUDET

BY N. SCARLYN WILSON

Not all the books of Alphonse Daudet, born a hundred years ago (May 12th, 1840), are now widely read. The same applies to Emile Zola, also born the same year (April 2nd), who is remembered by many people as much for his *J'Accuse* at the time of the Dreyfus Case as for many of his novels. Fifty years ago not only were both these authors 'best-sellers', but they were also regarded as belonging, to a considerable extent, to the same school. In fact, however, the resemblance between the two is very slight.

In an age when mines, factories, railways and industries were developing, the social novel was bound to replace in some measure, the book of purely individual passion. This point struck Zola, but he went too far. Dominated by a laudable desire for reform, a less admirable yearning for notoriety and a credulous respect for prevailing theories about heredity, he came to regard the novel almost as a branch of science. The personages of the Rougon-Macquart series are consequently not memorable, for they are puppets acting in accordance with a preconceived notion of the effects of heredity on character. Moreover, despite the care taken to ensure accuracy in the details of the setting, whether the action passes in a market, wine-

shop, railway station, mine, art-studio or brothel, each described with a marked emphasis on the sordid, his novels are inevitably dated.

This is not the case with Daudet. He did not set out to prove something from a pessimistic and biased point of view. His work is neither pompous nor squalid. Admittedly, his personages do not develop, for their characteristics are clearly apparent from the beginning. But the picture is fairly presented and unmarred by an excess of detail. The style is light and easy, and the humour, of which Zola and his naturalistic school were so chary, is by turns, frank, ironical, warm-hearted and wistful. There is something of Dickens in Daudet, though *Le Petit Chose* does not contain quite so much of autobiography as *David Copperfield*. Unlike the central character of his book, for instance, Daudet was never an actor. He was certainly married happily, but not to the lady whose father kept a china shop. Nor, fortunately for us, was the failure of his first volume of poems so abject that he was compelled to abandon literature for commerce. Still, there is a good deal of Daudet's own life to be found in the early chapters and there is a link with Dickens, too, in the realistic novel *Fromont Jeune et*

Risler Aîné, one character in particular being closely akin to the little doll-dresser in *Our Mutual Friend*. But such similarities are superficial and, in any case, though Daudet made his name with realistic novels such as *Le Nabab* and *L'Immortel*, we remember him chiefly by works in which there is nothing of Dickens, still less of Zola.

Tartarin—the hero's name was Barbarin in the first edition, but an irate family of Tarascon boasted the same and threatened a law-suit unless it was changed—*Tartarin* is an original and joyous evocation of the *Midi*, a mischievous, affectionate caricature, written in frolic style. Daudet himself maintained that the portrait was a faithful likeness of a southern type.

For us on this side of the Channel *Tartarin* must remain a grotesque personage. But that does not hinder our enjoyment of his adventures, recorded with such gusto and artful naïveté in the first book and its successor *Tartarin sur les Alpes*. The third, *Port-Tarascon*, was ill-advised. The spontaneity has vanished and, though we grieve for him when harsh circumstance sends him, an unhappy exile, across the river to Beaucaire, we feel that death did not come upon him too soon. It was only in Tarascon and Algeria that the sun shed its full radiance on his doings.

This sunniness and laughter, set off by an occasional touch of pathos and irony, pervade the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, the best remembered of all Daudet's works. He did not actually live in the mill, which is pointed out to one at Fontvielle on the road from Arles to Montmajour. But he filled his notebook with the tales told him by Provençal families near by. His own

knowledge and inventive skill aided him and, when he returned to his house at Champrosay near Paris, the atmosphere of his native south went with him.

Thus it was that there came into being so many delectable stories: that of the Curé of Cucugnan, whose account of his visit in a dream to Heaven's gate, sent all his parishioners hasting to the confessional: the tale of the Pope's mule who waited so many years to get in that one devastating kick at the upstart *premier moutardier*: that of the priest, beguiled by thoughts of the banquet awaiting him, into gabbling through the Mass: of Master Cornille bravely grinding plaster to hide the fact that no one any longer brought corn to his mill.

Roland's horn awoke the echoes of Roncevalles. But we would not be without the smaller plaintive note of Monsieur Séguin's, as he waited vainly for his little goat, far away in the hills, fighting the wolf forlornly until dawn.

THE THIRTIES (1930-1940) IN GREAT BRITAIN, by Malcolm Muggeridge. *Hamish Hamilton*. 9s. 6d.

Old newspapers, old newsreels have for most of us the unfailing interest of mirrors. We see ourselves in them and marvel; did we in fact wear such preposterous hats, did we hold such obviously untenable opinions, were we so short-sighted as all that? Alas we did and were.

But we have to allow, besides, for a certain amount of distortion. What the newspapers tell us of ourselves is what was, at the time, reckoned to be news; and the relationship of news to truth, while it has never been exactly defined, is equivocal to say the least of

it. Thus, for instance, the unfortunate Rector of Stiffkey was news in his day ; the expansion of the L.C.C. hospital system was not, though the vagaries of the one affected only a handful of people, and the development of the other touched all voluntary hospitals on the shoulder with a reminder that to something of the sort they must come at last.

Since Mr. Muggeridge seems to have stuck pretty closely to newspapers for his sources of material, it follows that while two entire pages of his book are devoted to the Reverend Mr. Davidson, there is no mention of the health services at all, or indeed of any social activity other than those which are of a nature to catch the eye in a headline. You have the politicians all posturing, large as life, for even minor politicians still, mysteriously, are news. Professor Hogben is there, thanks to large sales, but not the more retiring Professor Stapleton, whose experiments in land cultivation may save us all from being starved out. Mr. Woodrooffe's famous gaffe concerning the lit-up condition of the Fleet is duly noted, the run of *Journey's End*, the growth of Buchmanism, an ironical anecdote concerning Kipling's cremation ; they are all worth recalling perhaps, for the sake of a rather one-sided laugh. It is this laugh that Mr. Muggeridge plays for throughout the 318 pages of his book. He is not really concerned to show how England lived and thought during the ten years he has chosen to record. He is concerned to score, and for that (quite legitimate) purpose he has chosen all the easier marks. It is so simple to make fun of the bickerings and failures of Geneva ; indeed, only the very strong-minded can refrain from

having a smack at them. It is by no means so simple to assess, let us say, the impact of the International Labour Office upon hours of work and accommodation for personnel in the British mercantile marine. That, however, would be another story and another book ; not the kind of book that Mr. Muggeridge has set himself to write.

Given that this title, *The Thirties in Great Britain*, is rather too imposing for its matter ; that Mr. Muggeridge is not really eager to show forth but to show off ; not to expound legends, but to explode them ; how well has he succeeded ?

No doubt at all, his book is very readable. It deals with ourselves as we were, and that is enough to recommend it to most of us. The style is puzzling, and varied. Sometimes, like the taste of the Snark, it is meagre and hollow, but crisp. Sometimes it attempts, not successfully, the Chestertonian involution—"the minute, lonely figure forlornly trudging along a winding road until he vanishes into the sunset, though perhaps in Hitler's case this finale might be reversed, and the sunset forlornly vanishes into him." Sometimes it lapses into the phraseology of the provincial newspaper ; witness "largely instrumental," which occurs twice. There is misquotation of one of the most pervasive of the Government's red and white posters. There are epigrams, good ones. There is philosophy, rather self-consciously stark.

In short, while the evidential value of this book may be questioned, its entertainment value stands high. For that, in these times, we may be grateful to Mr. Muggeridge.

HELEN SIMPSON.

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, by Franklin Lushington. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The world before the last war has already become for us the most unbelievable period of history. Too close for perspective, it lies in the mind of those who are old enough to remember it as an insubstantial dream from which so much has divided them that it has the faint and changing colours of a soap bubble. Sometimes a scent, a tune, a face has power to give it reality for a moment, to recall that when we were children only private troubles disturbed the household and there were no expectations of war.

There are passages in *Portrait of a Young Man* which have power to recall that memory. The easy, lucid prose, the leisurely, unexciting tale of a boy's own life belong to a time when little stress was felt, anyhow by one section of society. Family life was an enclosure that shut out the world. The mother was dead, but a kindly governess taught manners and morals that admitted no question. The father was there in the background, grave, remote and just. Relations came and went, there were a little brother and sister, not, apparently, very important in the child's life. His world was himself and the country, the quiet, gracious life and surroundings that he accepted and absorbed, as he grew by way of school and Woolwich to early manhood.

And what a *young* young man he was ! How innocent, how ingenuously interested in his own sensitive reactions, how utterly unaware of other kinds of lives and other values ! He was so young that it is almost startling to find him in the last chapter joining a battery

at the front in the early days of the last war.

The story of his life up to that end or rather that beginning is likely to please older readers rather than young ones. To them it may seem incredible that anybody could ever have been quite so soft boiled nor will the limpid prose make up for a record which, it must frankly be admitted is very nearly dull. For them probably *Portrait of a Young Man* will be an unexciting historical novel. To Mr. Lushington's contemporaries, and to his seniors, it may bring back the sights and sounds, the vanished serenity and security of a lost world.

LETTICE COOPER.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD, by H. R. Trevor-Roper. *Macmillan.* 21s.

The controversy which Job had with his friends bids fair to be exceeded by that between William Laud and his biographers. If the spirits of the departed are permitted amid Elysian fields to indulge in retrospective justification of their terrestrial careers, it is easy to imagine Laud pursuing his biographers with that same voluminous defence which he offered against contemporary opponents. Mr. Trevor-Roper has a particular bias against clergymen, and especially against clerical biographers. He finds the character of Bishop John Maxwell, Laud's agent in Scotland, difficult to appreciate because "it has been interpreted almost entirely by clergymen"; and he dismisses Laud's clerical biographers cavalierly with the comment that "since they approach him on their knees (they) are naturally unable to see very far". The gravamen of his charge against them is that they

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Vol. II, *by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt.*

Vol II, the completing volume of this important biography covers the years of the Great War and post-war reconstruction. 16/- net

J. A. SPENDER

NEW LAMPS AND ANCIENT LIGHTS

In this charming book Mr. Spender discourses on isms and ologies, statesmen, travel, poetry, criticism, journalism, propaganda and many other subjects of general interest. 8/6 net

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

FACING THE ODDS

Douglas Goldring, author of that delightful autobiography *Odd Man Out* offers, in a candid and provocative book, his disconcerting opinions of people, places and politics. 8/6 net

CLIFFORD BAX

THE LIFE OF THE WHITE DEVIL

The story of the beautiful Vittoria Accoramboni, notorious wanton of 16th century Italy, who inspired John Webster's immortal play *The White Devil*. With a brilliant criticism of the play. Ill. 8/6 net

G. B. STERN

A LION IN THE GARDEN

"A truly delightful comedy, well out of the ordinary, witty and sparkling; a most joyous entertainment, from beginning to end a joy to read."—Ralph Straus, *Sunday Times*. 8/3 net

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

EMBER LANE

"A strange, beautiful tale. Lucinda has an uncanny power of planting herself in our imagination."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"The author at her best."—Frank Swinnerton, *Observer*. 8/6 net

BRIDE OF A THOUSAND CEDARS

BRUCE LANCASTER AND

LOWELL BRENTANO

A tumultuous love story with a magnificent background—the four years of feverish life brought to sleepy Bermuda by the Confederate blockade runners in the American Civil War. 9/- net

CASSELL & Co. Ltd., LA BELLE SAUVAGE, E.C.4

have exaggerated the importance of their subject's religious interests. His own standpoint is the direct contrary to this.

We must therefore regard Laud here not as a theologian, who must stand or fall by the accuracy of his theological opinions, but as a politician whose material was English society in the early seventeenth century.

The whole of this substantial and valuable biography is governed by this principle of selection. There is much justification for Mr. Trevor-Roper's emphasis. During the greater part of Charles I.'s personal rule Wentworth was in Ireland, and William Laud, an ecclesiastic, was the most important political influence in England, although he held no office of state himself. There is at first sight an incongruity between Laud's political influence and the general impression of him as a prelate concerned with rites and ceremonies. It is the outstanding virtue of this biography to make clear to a degree not achieved before, the importance of Laud's social policy and the ideals which inspired it. Mr. Trevor-Roper explains with a wealth of illustration, Laud's concern to secure justice for the poor against the rich, to recover ecclesiastical property which had been secularized, to promote a paternal royal despotism which should bring peace, prosperity, and justice to the nation, and to ensure an incorruptible and efficient administration in state and church. His picture of Laud's unwearied efforts to realize this social and political ideal constitutes a permanent contribution to our knowledge of early seventeenth-century history, which will not need to be done again. But Laud had few zealous allies either amongst ministers of state

or bishops; and Mr. Trevor-Roper excels in deft word-portraits of the self-seeking, unreliable bed-fellows with whom he had to work in the service of the crown. The author's character-sketches and accounts of personal rivalries add interest to his narrative.

Despite the difficulties confronting a biographer of Laud, Mr. Trevor-Roper has overcome all save one; and the vivacity of his style should not obscure the weight of his learning. But he has an invincible antipathy to theology and church history. In writing of them he permits himself a looseness and inaccuracy of expression strangely inconsistent with his general carefulness. Moreover, his references to belief and practice are generally contemptuous: as in his description of Little Gidding "with its finicky devotions and studied odour of sanctity", his reference to the "devotional paraphernalia of Laudian worship", or to "all the mumbo-jumbo of ecclesiasticism". Mr. Trevor-Roper may be right (or wrong) in his verdicts; but this attitude disqualifies him to understand one of the most important sides of Laud. Creighton diagnosed Laud's claim to greatness as his recognition of "the possibilities of the English church, not merely for England itself but, as the guardian of all that was best and most fruitful for the future of religious progress"; and Gardiner paid tribute to the influence upon later times of "his nobler aims", especially "his appeal to the cultivated intelligence for the solution of religious problems". Mr. Trevor-Roper's failure to do justice to these aspects of Laud prevents his study, despite its merits, from aspiring to the proud position of a final and comprehensive interpretation of its subject.

N. SYKES.

Foreword by Captain von Rintelen

The Errant Diplomat

A Life of Franz von Papen

By OSWALD DUTCH

The very full account of Papen's part in the intrigues that put Hitler in power, and some revelations about his share in engineering the Russo-German pact, are high lights in this story of one of the strangest political adventurers of our time. Dr. Dutch has made a sound reputation with *Hitler's Twelve Apostles* and *Thus Died Austria*.

Just out. Fully illustrated.

12s. 6d. net.

Prospectus available.

Edward Arnold
Maddox St.  London, W.1

By the author of 'Nazi Germany Can't Win'

THIS BEWILDERING WAR

by WILHELM NECKER

Why is this war so different to others?
Why did Poland collapse so quickly?
Will Germany attack Holland or Belgium or Sweden?
What is Germany's present economic condition?
What will happen in the West?

The brilliant author of *Nazi Germany Can't Win*, now in its second edition, has here written a striking analysis of the events of the war up to date and of the possibilities for the future. With maps. 12s 6d

Complete Spring List sent free on application

LINDSAY DRUMMOND LTD., 6/7 Buckingham Street, W.C.2

NATIONALISM, by a Study Group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

This massive volume descanting upon the phenomenon of nationalism exemplifies very well the Chatham House technique. Three chapters on the origins and development of the national idea are followed by half-a-dozen or so commentaries on the different local varieties of nationalism (so to speak) before the book passes on to a consideration of the more abstruse aspects of the theme: the inter-action with economic phenomena, the attitudes of various sections of the population towards the national entity, and, among other things, sources of resistance to nationalist policy. It is heavy going, but the caravan moves on all the time, without being bogged in the ruts, until we reach the pithy "Conclusion" (10 pages) of Chapter XVIII.

It is not unfair perhaps to take the latter first and examine it. For here is the stuff from which the whole material is woven; and, while the Group, under the chairmanship of Professor E. H. Carr, is nothing if not realist, in a casual sentence here and there there is a glint of light to offset the general effect of gloom.

The nation is the political group, and nationalism the political group-loyalty, of the present phase of civilization.

That is well said. And it is this political penumbra around the national idea which in fact accounts for the explosive character of nationalism, as most people understand it. "The idea of a common government", we are told, "whether as a reality of the present or past, or as an aspiration of the future, is a necessary concomitant of any

group which we recognize as a nation." One thinks naturally of the Czech, Polish or Irish national groups. The word "necessary", however, can be disputed. When the authors of this study acknowledge that "the word 'nation' is given here a distinctively political, and not merely cultural, connotation", are they not in a sense begging the question, or at any rate subscribing to the common confusion between nation and State? Nations are in essence group-loyalties that have arisen from a complex variety of circumstances, of which geography and climate, reflected in language, may well be more decisive and fundamental than any purely political factors. The nation-State is a convenient intellectual category, but actually it has never existed outside the class-room—the nearest approach to it is France, and unfortunately it was imposed generally on nineteenth-century political thought by the prestige of the French Revolution.

There is, on the one hand, the social group to which Western minds since the XVIth century have affixed the label 'nation'—whereas in the Middle Ages the term had a different connotation: and, on the other hand, there is the State, the repository and agency of power, to which the spiritual or emotional content of the nation is harnessed. According to differences of environment, of historical context, there are, as we are reminded here, infinite gradations of national feeling—or, as one might say, combustion. My point is, however, that those feelings in themselves—i.e., the inward and spiritual force of nationality—are neutral, are perfectly susceptible of organic synthesis, of the harmony imagined by Mazzini, for instance. The

villain of the piece, first, last and all the time, is the sovereign State. "Holy State we live to learn endeth in holy war"—was the message of Rudyard Kipling thirty years ago: or, as this book puts it—"it is from the ideology of the State rather than from that of the nation . . . that the characteristics which have recently brought nationalism into disrepute are derived".

In the chapter describing the rise of national feeling in Western Europe the point is made that "in its origin the centralized State was in no sense the product of national feeling". It was, as we know, the deliberate work of the King and his jurists, its success being assured by a monopolization of effective armed force. Not otherwise did Hamilton, Madison and the rest proceed in establishing the new context for American nationality. Then, of course, comes inter-action. ". . . once the process of consolidation had begun, a group feeling began to be generated, and no doubt became before long a contributory factor to the continuation of the process". If this was the case in Western Europe, still more can we discern the non-political essence of the national idea in central and south-eastern Europe, where political forms were fluid and constantly changing and where even to-day the *leitmotif* of nationality is different from the 'climate' of the West; it is a feeling of belonging to a community united by ties of blood, an extension of the family affection as the political concept of nationality is of the home.

The subject is too intricate and extensive to pursue here. But its importance lies in the fact that right thinking on this point—a differentiation between nation and State—may yet be

Secker and Warburg

H. G. WELLS

The New World Order

The book readers of *The Fortnightly* have read, but will want to keep permanently on their shelves.

6s. net

JIM PHELAN

Jail Journey

The author of *Lifer* has written one of the great prison books of all time, a gripping life-story, a masterpiece of literary craftsmanship. 392 pp.

12s. 6d. net

THOMAS MANN

This War

A little book, but one which re-states the values for which the allies are fighting in memorable terms.

1s. 6d. net

Royal Highness

Thomas Mann's novel is a fine ironical study of a German prince-ling and his bride in pre-1914 days. Will rank with his other great novels, *Buddenbrooks*, *Magic Mountain* and *Joseph in Egypt*. 8s. 6d. net

E. WOLLENBERG

The Red Army

An indispensable study of the Soviet fighting machine, and of the aims and strategy of Soviet Imperialism today and tomorrow. A companion to Boris Souvarine's great biography *Stalin*. 4 maps. 360 pp.

10s. 6d. net

the one means of saving our civilization from the intermittent holocaust to which, otherwise, modern war dooms us. There is no inherent reason, that is to say, why individual leaders should not put their heads together to contrive, as the Federalist protagonists in America contrived, a new polity beyond the State, should not de-politicize nationalism "through a fundamental change in the basis of political organization, *i.e.*, the transference of political power and control over wealth to some kind of political group other than the nation". The idea is glimpsed here, as I said, but never seriously examined—instead the authors merely knock down the Aunt Sally of a world State.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

FINLAND FIGHTS, by Herbert Elliston. *Harrap*. 15s.

Fortunately for himself and for us, Mr. Elliston of the *Christian Science Monitor* went to Finland in 1937 and was there again at the beginning of the recent war. As he is a most competent observer we can acquire from these vivid pages some very interesting additional knowledge of that heroic and dour people.

Mr. Elliston gives us some admirable pen-pictures of several of the leading Finns, of whose activity we have lately heard so much: Mannerheim, Ryti and Tanner. When Mr. Elliston says that Mannerheim has become a near-god even in his lifetime and that the Finnish people share this hero-worship with the Finnish Army, he may be assuming that no relatives survive of those opponents of the White *régime*—thousands of them, it is said, men, women and children—who paid for their political allegiance with their

lives when the Field Marshal was 'making order' after the last war. Mannerheim as an explorer, a diplomat and a general has deserved so well of his country that we would not have alluded to this blot on his escutcheon if it had not been so completely slurred over by Mr. Elliston.

Ryti and Tanner, on the other hand, we can unreservedly admire. When Ryti was a rising attorney in Helsinki he showed on a certain occasion how typical he was of the Finns, how he was utterly without fear; as the Swedes express it, he 'had put ice in his stomach'. It was in November, 1917, when Finland was rocking in the dark confusion of the White *versus* Red struggle; Ryti and his wife were invited to the birthday party of a local magnate. Half way through the celebrations a party of Russian Reds arrived and attacked the house. The magnate was killed and the guests dispersed. In a field near by the young Ryti and his wife were suddenly stopped by the bayonet of a Russian soldier. Thereupon the future Governor of the National Bank, the future Prime Minister, pointed to the soldier's uniform and asked him how on earth it had happened that there was a button missing on his tunic. The soldier began to explain how he must have lost it. The two were still talking interestedly about buttons when a party of Finnish White Guards came up behind the Russian soldier and disarmed him. As for that stocky little man, Väinö Tanner, war-time Minister of Foreign Affairs, his greatest reputation in the world at large is his connection with the consumer co-operative movement. Born in a lowly worker's family in Helsinki he has learned to

speak fluent Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Esthonian, German, French, English and Russian; in 1927 he was chairman of the International Co-operative Alliance at Stockholm. The Russian delegates came along armed with obstructive tactics, but when Tanner started at them in their language he used such blistering Russian that they fled and, after that, the conference proceeded smoothly.

Mr. Elliston confirms what we already knew of the coolness of the Finns under fire. Their only fault was that there were too few of them. According to Karel Capek it is easy to govern a nation of gentlemen, and even now in the heart-breaking task of rebuilding their smaller house the Finns have refrained from appealing for the world's assistance.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

INSIDE THE WHALE, by George Orwell. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

George Orwell is that always startling and unusual phenomenon, an honest man. What is valuable about him is not primarily his literary talents or his ideas, but an unpretentious humanity. He is, one feels, a very representative man; with the difference that he happens to be uncommonly sensitive to the forces which shape us, and that he is about as honest as any man may well hope to be. For some years Mr. Orwell has been affiliated to Marxist theories; more than most men, he has tried to incorporate those theories in his writing, his thinking and his living. The importance of Mr. Orwell is that the outcome of such an attempt by a man of evident sensibility is one of the crucial tests of any doctrine. Mr. Orwell was wounded in Spain and came

THE CANKER OF GERMANY

By Ernst G. Preuss

An important political book by the son of Hugo Preuss, creator of the Weimar Constitution, and himself, till 1937, one of the chiefs of the great electrical firm of A.E.G. Failure to understand and eradicate the Canker of Germany will infallibly cause the Allies to lose the next Peace. 7/6

MAGINOT, OF THE LINE

By Pierre Belperron

Translated by H. J. STENNING

The first English biography of the creator of the Maginot Line, with additional up-to-date matter about the Line supplied from official sources, and 10 remarkable photographs. *Ready Shortly*

Illustrated, 3/6

WILLIAMS & NORGATE

NEW BOOKS

Enormous
Selection
of
New and
Second-hand
Volumes

AT **40%** OFF
PUBLISHERS PRICES

SOME BOOK BARGAINS

"Edward of Kent," a biographical study, illust., by D. Duff. (Pub. 18/-) for 7/-

"England the Arbiter" or Politics of a Civilisation, by H. Moxon. (Pub. 10/6) for 4/6

"The Making of England," a Cavalcade of Empire, by D. Evans, illust. (Pub. 5/-) for 2/6

"Prince Amad of Egypt," an amazing biography, by J. Bland illust. (Pub. 12/6) for 5/6

SEND FOR LATEST LISTS

FICTION
ECONOMICS
HISTORY
LITERATURE
SCIENCE
BIOGRAPHY
POLITICS
TRAVEL

GASTON'S

76 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

| Tel. TEM. 3048

home disillusioned. Not having the kind of doctrinaire mind that overprizes 'certain certainties', he contrived to have the courage of his loss of convictions. He has recently been thinking about Marxist literary theory, and his thoughts now appear in *Inside The Whale*.

At first sight the book seems to be a haphazard collection of three long essays—one on Dickens, one on what are known as boys' magazines, and one on Henry Miller and the literature of the last two decades. Mr. Orwell does not try to show any connection between the three essays, but they are nevertheless unified by a preoccupation with the place of revolutionary thought in literature; this is the theme which is always at the back of Mr. Orwell's mind, and in an oblique way he destroys most of the fashionable poppycock about "proletarian" literature. The essay on Dickens makes a full and astute recognition of Dickens's faults before disposing of the contention that his "message" petered out in moral platitudes. The entertaining study of juvenile magazines shows how deep-rooted and acclimatized are the more reactionary values of our civilization. In the concluding essay Mr. Orwell describes the rising political content of

literature during the interval of peace and then records that this tendency is negated by Henry Miller, the American novelist whom Mr. Orwell considers to be the one new element in recent fiction. In the same essay Mr. Orwell compares the literary appetite for violent words with the violent reality of Spain; and here, I think, the inference is that a verbal emancipation from all liberal-bourgeois moralism scarcely envisages the nasty consequences among men who are neither poets nor pedants.

In the upshot Mr. Orwell comes down against "all the smelly little orthodoxies which are now contending for our souls". There are moments when he himself is guilty of the doctrinaire sourness which he is attacking (*e.g.*, the incredible generalization that in the early twenties a generation of boys "were writhing under dirty-minded celibate schoolmasters") but these are momentary lapses into an idiom from which Mr. Orwell is liberating himself. *Inside The Whale* is excellent criticism, simple in manner, relevant to every literate reader, independent and mature in its outlook, and rich in acute and stimulating comments. It is published, with a certain irony, by our leading left-wing publisher. DESMOND HAWKINS.

Nothing But Danger

Ed. by FRANK HANIGHEN

Nine men and one woman show the effect of modern warfare on civilian populations. In telling of their personal experiences in Spain—stories of horror and tragedy and comedy that would never have passed a censor—these journalists write directly to those who, loving peace, are not afraid to look at war, (9/6 net).

HARRAP